

A. III.
THE
SCOVVRERS.

A
COMEDY,

Acted by Their
Majesties Servants.

Written by
THO. SHADWELL, Poet Laureat, and Historio-
grapher-Royal.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1691.

THE

SCOWPER

A

CO. M. B. E.

AND BY THE

Majors S.

THE

THE SHADWELL FARMERS' ASSOCIATION
and the

LONDON

Printed for the Farmers' Association at the
Shadwell Farm, London

Drammatis Personæ.

Mr. Rant,	Father to Sir <i>William</i> .	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
Sir Will. Rant,	} Scowrers.	Mr. Mountfort.
Wildfire,		Mr. Williams.
Tope,	} A City Wit and Scowrer, imitator of	Mr. Leigh.
Whackum,		Mr. Bowman.
	Sir <i>William</i> .	
Bluffer,	} His two Companions, Scoundrels.	Mr. Freeman,
Dingboy,		Mr. Cudworth.
Sir Rich. Maggot,	A foolish <i>Jacobite</i> Alderman.	Mr. Bright.
Ralph,	Sir Will's Valet.	Mr. Bowen.
Jasper,	Mr. Rant's Valet.	Will Peer.
Lady Maggot,	Wife to Sir <i>Richard</i> , Mother to <i>Eugenia</i> .	Mrs. Leigh.
Eugenia,		Mrs. Barry.
Clara,		Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Priscilla,	Governess to <i>Eugenia</i> and <i>Clara</i> .	Mrs. Cory.
Lettice,	My Ladies Maid.	Mrs. Richeson.
Abigail,	Sir <i>William</i> 's Housekeeper.	Mrs. Osborn.
Haughty,	} Two Whores.	
Mavis,		
Glazier, Vintner, Drawers, Fiddlers, Tradesmen, Duns, Constable, Watchmen, Buttlér, and Footmen.		

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Scowrers! Methinks I hear some Ladies say,
 How shall we bear the lewdness of this Play!
 The Author begs the Title may not fright,
 Of what he does to vertuous Ladies write.
 Others for guilt may blush, or rage look pale,
 And, as they us'd, maliciously may rail.
 Tho he exposes Vice, the Play's so clean,
 The nicest shall not tax it for Obscene:
 Though some have been so ticklish in the Mind,
 They could find Bawdy, which he ne're design'd:
 Nor can he think he gave the least occasion,
 Wanting their Vigour of Imagination;
 But they, their ends had in their false reports,
 And frighten'd whom he most would please, the Court;
 To you he appeals, the Witty, Fair, and Good;
 Whose sovereign power can never be withstood,
 To all the Audience he bid me say,
 He of the Gout lay in, and of this Play
 Not long continu'd his Poetick Fit,
 The other grief he cannot part with yet,
 But give him ease, and let who will have Wit.
 Your kind Indulgence sure he ought to gain,
 Who for your pleasure writes in spite of Pain:
 You have been kind to many of his Plays,
 And shou'd not leave him in his latter days.
 Though Loyal Writers of the last two Reigns,
 Who tir'd their Pens for Popery and Chains;
 Grumble at the Reward of all his Pains:
 They would, like some, the benefit enjoy,
 Of what they vilely labour'd to destroy.
 They cry him down as for his place unfit,
 Since they have all the humour and the Wit,
 They must write better e're he fears them yet;
 Till they have shown you more Variety,
 Of natural, unstoln Comedy than he,
 By you at least he should Protected be.
 Till then may be that Mark of Bounty have,
 Which his renown'd and Royal Master gave;
 Who loves a Subject and contemns a Slave,
 Whom Heav'n in spite of Hellish plots design'd,
 To humble Tyrants, and exalt Mankind.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir William Rant in his Morning-Gown, and Ralph his Man.

Sir Will. I Am plaguy qualmish this morning, we drunk swingingly last night, what did we do? tell me the History.

Ralph. Must every Morning be spent in asking Questions? 'tis a fine life, you'll sin over Night, and I must come to Confession next Morning.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Know I will have no Wit nor Wisdom from you.

Ralph. I don't know what you call Wit, but certainly Wisdom will never agree with that hot head of yours, Sir!

Sir Will. You solid Lump of Maffy Phlegm! there is no such blessing under Heaven, as a hot Head.

Ralph. 'Twill cost you and your Companions dear before you part with it; the Devil on't is, you are always the Transgressor, and I never fail of being the Penitent.

Sir Will. Sirrah, The Inside of thy Loggerhead will endanger the Outside, if thou begin not thy Narrative immediately; some Action in the forefront of night, I remember, but the latter part is all Darkness to me: Yet it runs in my head we had a Fray.

Ralph. And don't you feel it in your Shoulders? I am sure you've Reason, to have I.

Sir Will. Where was it?

Ralph. Why here, in Covent-Garden. You would needs have a Skirmish with some drunken Bullies, awkward, roaring, blustering Rascals: And Brigadier Stokes with a detachment of Quarter-Staves, and rusty Halberts fell in pell-mell and routed both Parties.

Sir Will. That damn'd Quarter-staff Rogue would be universal Monarch of the Night: We must confederate and humble him, but what execution was there? Whose Skull crackt? whose Lungs pierced? or who lustily bruised?

Ralph. One of the Bullies has a good lusty flesh wound, the other are a little hackt, but all of them wer carryed Captive to the Round-house, where they have solaced with Ale and Brandy all night long: Two of your Footmen with bloody Coxcombs, were likewise in Limbo: Two or three of the Watchmen have slight hurts, which they are ready to swear are mortal: But your Friends Mr. Tope and Mr. Wildfire are escap'd unhurt, save a little dry beating which indeed we seldom fail of.

Sir Will. An Evening very handsomely spent; I am glad the Bullies are maul'd. I would rejoyce as much to run an English Bully through, as an Irish Rapparee;

Rapparee. The City ought to pay a certain number of Bullies heads a tribute to the Government, as the Welsh did Wolves ; but see my Footmen ransom'd.

Ralph. They are bayl'd by your Taylor, and dress'd by your Surgeon, and are ready to be drunk, and scower again, Sir, but that was not all, that happened last night, 'twould take a Volume to write the History of your Actions one week.

Sir Will. We should be diligent, I love an active life, but what more ?

Ralph. Why, in your retreat homewards you pick'd up a Strumpet ! I must needs say not very handsome, nor over well dress'd, nor extremely sober, nor extraordinary clean, and made me put her to bed in your own Bed, I thank you, Sir.

Sir Will. Well, thou art a faithful Bawd.

Ralph. Bawd, Sir ?

Sir Will. Yes Bawd Sir, what a Devil dost thou think I keep thee for thy neat parts ? Indeed thou art a little stout.

Ralph. Any man but my Master, should find I were a great deal so, if he talk'd thus to me.

Sir Will. Well well Sir, but where is the Whore ?

Ral. I believe where she should be, at the civil Recreation of Hemp-beating.

Sir Will. Pox on your Impertinence ! How got she out ?

Ralph. Why truly Sir, after you had taken your wonted Nap in your Chair, recover'd a little, and came to your Bed-side, you puk'd at the sight of her, ask'd her how she had the Impudence to bring so ugly a Countenance along with her under your Roof : To all Entreaties were inexorable, you tore her out of the bed, flung her clothes out of the window, and made me turn her naked out of the house.

Sir Will. 'Twas a very impudent thing of an ugly Jade to come hither.

Ralph. She pick'd up her Clothes, but was in great want of a Tiring-room ; and most certainly fell into the enemies hands.

Sir Will. Well, and I have never a wench this morning ?

Ralph. Here have been five or six, they all said they'd come again.

Sir Will. Pox on 'em, come again ! but into whose hands may they fall before they come again ? I hate even a Rose, after it opens in the morning, and is ruffled by the wind.

Ralph. Your provident, prudent, and pious House-keeper has lodged two who came last night, for peace sake, in two several apartments of your Seraglio, not knowing which of them you would vouchsafe your Handkerchief to.

Sir Will. She has done wisely, I will have them both : Who are they ?

Ralph. Mrs. Haughty and Mrs. Mavis.

Sir Will. Oh pox they'll never draw together. But go into my Closet and fetch me a bottle of Spirit of Clary, and a lusty Glass.

Exit Ralph.

Now is my Father I warrant grieving in the Country bewailing my lewd courses : To say truth, I cannot but love him, he has been very indulgent to me ; but methinks he should have the conscience to remember his own youthful gambols : Tope tells me he knew him almost as lewd a fellow as my self.

Bot

But the worst of all is I am in love, most desperate most abominable love, the worst of all love, I am afraid honest love.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here's your Spirit of Clary.

Sir Will. Set it down, and see what confounded noise that is without. The Devil take 'em, must I be always interrupted in my rest or my pleasure? a man had as good be a great man as a Drunkard at this rate.

Exit Ralph, and suddenly re-enters:

Well what's the matter?

Ralph. The noise you are pretty well us'd to; an assembly of Duns, Whores and Bawds, as there are every morning at your Lievee.

Enter Tope & Wildfire.

Sir Will. Hail, hail my dear Companions of the night, *Jack Tope and Tom Wildfire.*

Tope. My dear Knight, my dear *Will Ram*, thou art the Prince of Drunkards and of Scowrs; thou art a noble Seavenger, and every night thou clearest the streets of scoundrel Bullies, and of idle Rascals; and of all Ale-tosts and sops in Brandy.

Wildf. And the Taverns of Trades-men and of sober Rogues of business, who should be at their cheating callings, or watching of their Wives at home.

Sir Will. I am glad to find you so hearty, and that ye suffer'd so little in our last nights rout.

Tope. I will not wear like a Bully my arm in a Scarf as a sign of battle past, when perhaps the wound is no bigger than that of a Lancer in letting blood; I have seen danger in my life time.

Wildf. Yes and felt it too to my knowledge.

Tope. Puh this is nothing, why I knew the *Hectors*, and before them the *Muns* and the *Taire Tu's*, they were brave fellows indeed; in those days a man could not go from the *Rose Tavern* to the *Plaza* once, but he must venture his life twice. My dear *Sir Willy*.

Sir Will. Yes, and the Wine was better, and the Women handfomer; you old fellows are always magnifying the days of your youth.

Tope. Old! Gad take me, hem, here's a body sound wind and limb! Old! quoth he. Indeed I have drank off two generations, and intend to drink off three more yet. Why I wench'd, drunk and scow'd with thy Father, *Will*: He was a pretty fellow in his youth, and I thought he would have come to something, but he married and run into the Country, left our noble cause, and grew a very wise, discreet, vertuous Country Jobbernoll.

Sir Will. Why you debauch'd with my Grandfather.

Tope. I knew him in his ebb: but thy Father, *Tom*, was a sober sot, a presumptive Scoundrel, and we could make nothing of him, he married like a Puppy, and grew most pitifully uxorious, but the comfort is few of that sort get their own Children: Thou art not like him at all.

Wild. Thank Heaven, I never remember him, Providence took care of me in good time.

Sir Will. Here *Ralph* fill. Gentlemen, a health to my Mistress in a brimmer of Clary.

B. 2

Tope

Tope. I defy mornings Draughts, besides Spirits will bring you from two pound of Beef, to two poatch'd Eggs, trust an experienc'd Drunkard, thou wilt not live out half thy days, if thou tak'st these lewd courses of drinking in a Morning.

Wild. but we will live out all our Nights.

Tope. I have buried two hundred Mornings draught-men of my Acquaintance.

Sir Will. You may well kill 'em if you drink not fair with them; but thou hast kill'd as many Evenings Draught-men too. Never Hero in Romance kill'd more in his Adventures.

Tope. Their Deaths be upon their own Heads, I preserv'd my self: why I have been walking two hours in the Park.

Wild. The Deaths of these men lie upon his Conscience, and he cannot sleep.

Sir Will. No, no, he wants the dear Balsom of his Youthful blood, that balmy sovereign Juice that sends kind vapours up to rock the brain; Here, I will have my Mistress pledged.

Tope. Thy Mistress! ha ha ha, why every one in a Petticoat is thy Mistress, from humble Bulker to exalted Countess.

Sir Will. Not am particular, damnably particular, why I am fallen in love.

Tope. In Love! What a Devil! That is, thou hast a plaguy mind to some Wench; I have known thee have that to many a Damsel, but when thou hast gotten her, thou never fail'st to leave either her, or a child by her, to the Parish.

Sir Will. Why those kind of Ladies come to the Parish at last, and the sooner they take care of them the better, it is a good settled kind of Life. But this is a Lady of Quality.

Tope. A pox of a Whore of Quality; they are ten times more troublesome, and not handsomer than poor Whores.

Sir Will. A whore! this is a Saint.

Wild. A Saint! ha ha ha, a world of Saints there are in these days, but very few honest.

Sir Will. I can scarce forbear to worship her, and call her Nymph; divine, Goddess.

Tope. Nymph! divine, Goddess! ha ha ha, language for a young Coxcomby Chaplain to his Ladies waiting woman.

Wild. Love! Faith I could never believe there was any such thing; I have had a furious Appetite to a new Face, like a greedy stomach to a new Dish, but I never made a very full meal, but I wish'd it off again.

Tope. Love! Why what a Pox, I have had as many Whores as any of you; but I never had one whom I car'd if she were hang'd or no.

Sir Will. Oh base, gross Appetites, of ill-natur'd Fellows.

Wild. Oh thou Flower of Civility, and good Nature! I never knew you, or any Whore-master, but minded himself, and never car'd what became of the woman, why prithee don't we ruin all we have to do with?

Tope. Some few keeping Coxcombs indeed are undone by them; but that grows much out of Fashion, because keep what you can, Particular Whores will soon grow Common ones.

Sir Will. Hence all such profane thoughts, this is a Lady, who has all the Beauty and Vertue of the Sex.

Tope.

Topo. Pish, Sex sayst thou? I warrant she is not over stock'd neither if she has; but Beauty is frail, and Vertue is more frail, *Will.*

Sir Will. Away with your babbling, *Tom* here's to her, take a Glass.

Wild. Come *Jack* her Health.

Topo. God not I! I would not drink the Queens health fasting, not I; charge a bill upon me, and I'll answer you in a couple of brimmers of Claret at *Lockets* at dinner, where I have bespoken an admirable good one for ye; but my Wine shall always have something to feed upon.

Ralph. Here are a company of Letters, some are waiting for answers.

Wildf. From Whores, all Whores.

Sir Will. Hah! they are so, some in distress I suppose: Like a true great man, I will put Petitions in my pocket and never read 'em.

Ralph. Sir the Duns are very noisy, and will not be kept out.

Sir Will. Obstinate Rogues that will sling away their precious time so.

Ralph. But there's a pert dapper fellow whom I know not, he will not be denied.

Sir Will. Let him in first. How now, who are you? [*Ralph lets in a Glazier.*

Glaz. And please your Worship I am a Glazier, and have an humble petition to your Worship; your Glazier dyed within this hour, the bell now goes for him; and I humbly desire I may succeed in your Worships work.

Sir Will. Thou art a very pretty fellow.

Glaz. I waited for this happy occasion, and hoped for'ty so I made him drink like a Fish, and treated him with brandy. The man indeed was an honest man, but alack, alack! he had little to do for a long time; till your business and your friends, Sir, brought him into request: He has had a fine time under you; for your Worship I understand has to Shash windows an utter aversion, Sir, when you are in beer.

Topo. A very pretty discreet fellow.

Glaz. Why Sir he bore Offices, maintain'd his wife with all things about her, and now dyes well to pass, and for all may thank your Worship. Now if your Worship will let me have the place, I shall see that all the Parish, when you please to break their windows, shall have as good goods as any man can furnish 'em with.

Sir Will. Let me see, this place must be worth Money.

Ralph. Let me speak with you, I can do your business.

Glaz. I will Sir; but Sir do they sell places now adays?

Sir Will. Oh no no, Heaven forbid! thou shalt have it for nothing.

Glaz. Thank you, sweet Sir.

Ralph. Hum, hum, hum.

Glaz. Ay Sir, there and please you.

Ralph. A pox on him, a thirteen pence half penny! but I'll after him, and squeeze the Sponge, I warrant him.

Sir Will. Come let in the Canaille, the Rabble of my Anti-chamber, my Duns, &c. Now will I behave my self statelily, impudently, and do no mans business but my own.

Ralph. Sir *Humphry Magger* has sent word he'll wait on you e're you go out.

Sir

Sir Will. That's the Coxcomby Alderman that marry'd my termagant Aunt ; her first Husband was my Fathers brother by the second venter. She has this dolt under correction, sweet Princeis ; and has forced him out of *Mark-lane* to live in *Sobo Square*. I warrant some old lecture from my Daddy. Let the Duns enter.

Enter 8 or 10 Duns.

Sir Will. Now Rogues, Rascals, Vermin, Catterpillers, Duns, come on ; I will use you so like Duns for plaguing me with so many dayly visits, I say, I will use you so like Duns.

Enter Sir Humphry Maggot and observes them.

Top. That is send them away without Money.

Sir Will. You silly impudent Puppies, to come to me for summs fit for Haberdashers of small Wares to pay, ridiculous, petty summs, come up to bulky ones, either in valuable Goods or Mony, fit for a Gentlemans consideration, and Security may follow.

Sir Humph. Here's a Spark, thank Heaven I have kept my Nephew at the Inns of Court, whom I bred up, free from his lewd Acquaintance.

Sir Will. Why I never pay a bill till it be as long as an account in Chancery, you Rogues, Dogs:

Duns altogether. Why we ask but for our own Sir. I hope a man may ask for his own Sir. My Goods were my own Sir, my own. Very fine a man must not ask for his own. Rogues for asking for a mans own?

Sir Will. And Rogues I will make you know this House is my own, which I will signifie to you by this Foot which is my own, and by this Cudgel which is my own.

Sir William kicks and cudgels them out.

Duns. Fly, fly, Murther, murther. May not ask for his own, my own. Murther, Murther. For my own, help, Murther. *(In running out they run down the*

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, Help help.

(Alderman.

Sir Will. Oh *Sir Humphrey* I cry you mercy, I was at my Morning Exercise, disciplining my Rogues, my Duns.

Sir Humph. Duns, *Sir Will.* Rant ? let me tell you Duns may be very honest men.

Sir Will. Hum, so you Citizens are apt to think, but we Gentlemen believe no such matter. But come I know you have some wise Lecture from your Daddy, or some such business, come out with it, I stand fair.

Sir Humph. Poor Gentleman ! my heart bleeds for him, you make him miserable with your extravagant lewd Life, he writes me word you got the Parsons daughter with Child, when you were at home last, and now she is near her time she names you for the Father, this is the strangest thing that ever was.

Sir Will. Not at all, it had been strange if she had gotten me with Child ; the Parsons are lusty, lazy, well fed Fellows, and will be too hard for the Laity, if we don't take Letters of Reprisal upon them.

Sir Humph. Save us Heaven ! I would not have my Nephew *Wbachum* acquainted with you for the World.

Sir Will. Nor I with him *Sir Nump*, I keep somewhat better Company, you have seen my Friends here.

Sir Humph. Yes and I heard of them too, the Nation rings of'em, my Lady my Wife and your Aunt is perpetually grieving and fighting for you.

Sir

Sir Will. Ha, good Lady! Nuncle look to thy City Forehead, there are those who can graft and inoculate.

Sir Humpb. She has kept her two Daughters (she had by your half Uncle) in the Country these five years, for fear you should come to her House and bring a scandal upon them.

Sir Will. But they are now in Town, to my cost I find it—*(aside)*. Oh that dear, sweet *Eugenia*! she has kill'd me.

Wild. Pox on this Blockhead he grows tedious; to your Cue: Has Monsieur *Catinat* given the *Vandois* such a bang?

Tope. Undoubtedly, there's a World of News in Town.

Sir Humpb. Hold hold Gentlemen, I beseech you hold, News say you? have a little Patience *Sir William*, here's a Letter from your Father, I have had it ever since the last Post, and you have not been at home till this Morning. But pray Gentlemen what News is of Master *Catinat*? I love News extremely, I have read Three News Letters to day, I go from Coffee-House to Coffee-House all day on purpose. I talk'd with as pretty a man, of a News Writer, as any in *London*, and of as neat parts, as bold a Fellow, he cares not what he writes. But he knew nothing of the *Vandois* this Morning.

Wild. They are soundly beaten, almost all cut off.

Sir Humpb. Heaven be praised, they are damn'd Presbyterian Fellows, and hate the Church, for my part, had I my will, I would put all the Phanaticks in Christendom in pitch'd shirts, light them, and let them blaze like City Funerals. But hold, is it true that Prince *Waldeck* is dead of a Fever?

Tope. Oh yes, and he got it with scowring at the Canal at *Bruges*.

Sir Humpb. Goodlack! *Teckely* and the *Cossacks* upon the *Ukrain* have totally routed Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, and cut his Army all to pieces, Well this *Louis* is the bravest King.

Sir Will. The old Gentleman is very prolix.

Reads. *Lewd courses—great affliction—hum: have I been so kind.*
Very well.

Reads. *Your wicked extravagance will kill me.*

Ha ha ha, kill! not these Twenty years, if Heaven takes no better care of me I shall be in a pretty case.

Reads. *But this Action of the Parsons daughter.*

Pray Heaven the old man got her not himself, for her Mother was my Mother's VVoman. Pish pox this 's stuff, I would the old Gentleman would spare his pains.

He starts the Letter.

Sir Humpb. Oh impious! what tear your Fathers Letter?

Sir Will. Yes when they are nothing to the purpose: I sent to him for a lusty summ of Money, and he sends me a parcel of wise Council that is not worth a Farthing.

Sir Humpb. But Sir the other News you were speaking of.

Wild. VVhy 'tis most certain *Catinat* has laid a bridge over the *Rhine* and secured his passage into *France*, and another over the *Mosell* to secure his pass into *Italy*.

Sir

Sir Humph. VVell that Master *Catinat* is a very pretty man, he'll soon destroy the Presbyterians and burn that Anti-christian Town of *Geneva*. Oh this *Louis* is a glorious Prince, what would I give to see him, I believe I might have a pass to go over to be touch'd for the Evil, He must needs do it rarely.

Sir Will. VVell said old Grumble, have you no wise advice from my Aunt? she will have you under Correction if you deliver it not.

Sir Humph. poor Lady, she grieves that you should drink and roar, and beat the whole Town, and spend your Money upon ugly Whores. But pray what News of *Buda*?

Enter Mrs. Mavis and Mrs. Haughty at two several doors.

Ralph. Now they are both gotten up, Wars will ensue.

Sir Will. Hold hold Nuncle, ugly Whores say you? be you Judge, who keeps the uglier Whores my Aunt or I?

Haughty. Oh impudence! another in the House, oh oh. *They both fall in*

Mavis. Oh Devil I cannot endure this, oh oh. *2 Chairs in Fits.*

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, look to the Gentlewomen, look to the Gentlewomen.

Sir Will. Now my dear Friends let's go quickly now now, I love to leave VVhores in Fits mightily. *[Ex. Sir VWill. Tope, VVildfire and Ralph.]*

Sir Humph. Gad take me! hold the Gentlewomen, bring some cold water, and flower, burn some blew inkle and Partridge Feathers, 'tis my Ladies Medicine. *Two lusty Fellows hold them.*

Haughty. Is the Villain gone? *aside,*

Mavis. Is the Rogue fled? *aside.*

Haughty. Oh you Flirts I'll pluck your Eyes out. *They fight and*

Mavis. I'll tear you Limb from Limb. *tear one another.*

Sir Will. Gad forgive me! help help, part them, they are incens'd, why Ladies, Gentlewomen, keep the peace, I charge ye in the Kings Name, I am of the Quorum. *They part them.*

Enter Housekeeper with her Spectacles in one hand, and the Ladies calling in the other.

Haughty. Oh Impudence!

Mavis. Thou common thing.

Haughty. Go *Jezabel*, go.

Mavis. Avoid paint and wash!

Haughty. Go pitiful Creature.

Mavis. Creature! creature in the very face of thee.

Haughty. The Town knows what thou art.

Mavis. What am I, *Jane*? What do they know of me?

Abigail. In truth you are to blame, to disturb a civil well order'd Family thus, well were it not for good Books that comfort me, I could never bear such exorbitances.

Sir Humph. Ha, The Ladies calling, a very Matronly Gentlewoman truly.

Abigail. But these godly books quiet the Conscience mightily.

Sir Humph. Hah good Soul!

Haughty. Let me come at her.

Mavis. I'll tear her Throat out.

Haughty.

(9)
Haughb. Bawd, bawd.

Marv. Thou art old enough to be my Mother.

Haughb. Let me come at her.

Marv. Let me come at her.

Abigail. In truth Ladies you are much to blame, cannot you be civil? take them away separately.

Haug. Whore, whore, whore, whore.

Marv. Whore, whore, whore, whore.

*They hale them out
at several doors.*

Sir Humphrey takes the House-keeper under the Arm, and leads her out

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Priscilla, Clara, Eugenia.

Prif. **W**hat account shall I give of my Charge, and Guardianship? my Lady sends you out under my prudent conduct, as I may say, to look after Commodores and Top-knots, with a flat Injunction not to see this lewd place, the Park.

Eug. Did she so old Mumpsimus?

Prif. And you in Contempt of her sovereign power, and my lawful authority under her, presume to come hither, what shall I do? what shall I say?

Clara. Can flesh and blood forbear this sweet, this most delicious place?

Prif. Flesh and Blood! Yes, it is a place fit for the carrying on the designs of flesh and blood indeed.

Eug. And what dost thou take us for Spirits, Woman?

Prif. Come come Gentlemen, my Lady is a wise woman: This is the Exchange for Lovers: Here they meet, and if they absent themselves are lookt upon as broken; nay worse, it is the Rendezvous of Fornicators and Adulterers.

Clara. 'Tis the Rendezvous of all who have sense enough to love the delicatest place on Earth.

Prif. But I have a secret to tell you, it concerns you Madam Clara, I have found from Sir Humphrey your Father in Law, that he has made a match between his Nephew Mr. Whackum and you.

Eug. The Devil he shall! there's a mechanick thing, there is not such an odious creature as a City Spark.

Prif. Don't you trouble your self, his Uncle says you are not sober enough for him.

Clara. Nor I fool enough for him, I thank Heaven, a filthy City wit, those Fellows are as lewd as the Gentlemen every whit, only more impudent, foolish and ill-manner'd.

Eug. Dear Clara thou art in the right, when a man is lewd with a *bon Grace* there's

there's something in it ; but a Fellow that is awkwardly wicked is not to be born.

Pris. He wicked ! why he is a Student of the Inns of Court, Madam *Eugenia*.

Eug. Well you had a great secret for my Sister, and I have one for you : In short we are both resolv'd not to endure any longer the intolerable Yoke of Arbitrary power, under which we have so long groan'd, if you will comply, one or both of us will provide for you :

Clara. And preserve you from making Night-caps or footing Stockings in a Garret, the pitiful remnant of thy decrepid Life.

Pris. Oh times and manners ! will you break loose from all Government ? I shall be undone, what will my Lady say, if she knows that you saw your Cozen *Rant* here yesterday ?

Eug. Mutter no more under thy Gums, old *Sybil* I did see my Cozen yesterday, and I hope to see him this day, and every day of my life ; keep your distance, we that are resolv'd to cast off my Mothers Tyranny, will no longer suffer thy Insolence.

Pris. What will become of poor me ?

Clara. We are true English women, Co-heirs of two thousand pounds a year, and are resolv'd to assert our Liberty and Property.

Eug. Does my Mother think she shall mew us up any more, at her Jointure house, old Doe-little ?

Clara. Amongst poor innocent country things, who never stir beyond the Parish but to some Fair.

Pris. Did she not bestow good breeding upon you there ?

Eugen. Breeding ! what to learn to feed Ducklings, and cram Chickens ?

Clara. To see Cows milkd, learn to churn, and make cheese ?

Eugen. To make clouted cream, and whipt Sillabubs ?

Clara. To make a Caraway Cake, and raise Py-crust ?

Eugen. And to learn the top of your skill in Syrrup, Sweat-meats, *Aqua mirabilis*, and Snayl water.

Clara. Or your great cunning in Cheese-cakes, several Creams and Almond-butter.

Pris. Ay ay, and 'twere better for all the Gentlemen in *England* if their Wives had no other breeding, but you had Musick and Dancing.

Eug. Yes an ignorant, illiterate hopping Puppy, that rides his dancing Circuit thirty miles about, Lights off his tyred Steed, draws his Kit at a poor country creature, and gives her a Hich in her pace, that she shall never recover.

Clara. And for Musick an old hoarse singing man riding ten miles from his Cathedral to Quaver out the Glories of our Birth and State, or it may be a Scotch Song more hideous and barbarous than an Irish Cronan.

Eug. And another Musick-master from the next Town to teach one to twinkle out *Lilly burlero* upon an old pair of Virginals, that sound worse than a Tinkers kettle that he crys his work upon—we'll ha' no more on't, we are come up to *London* and common sense, and we defy thee and thy works.

Clara. Keep distance.

Eugen. Avoid thou that think'st because thou art old thou must be wise.

Clara,

Clara. Avaunt we'll have no more to do with thee.

Euge. Attend.

Clara. Obey.

Euge. Be under good Discipline.

Clara. Be a towardly old Governess.

Euge. We are free from this minute.

Clara. Never more to hear thy wife advice,

Eugen. Thy old Saws, and foolish Sayings.

Clara. We will pare our Nails on any day of the Week.

Eug. And do what we will upon Childermas day, oh my dear Sister! How happy are we to come to this most blessed Town, and these most heavenly walks.

Clara. This Paradise of the world.

Eugen. Oh this Cozen of ours, he is the prettiest man my Eyes e're yet beheld.

Clara. But sure *Eugenia* thou art mad.

Eug. Yes I am mad, stark mad, in love with him, and will be mad.

Clara. Thou art mad indeed, in love with so wild a man?

Eug. Wild, never trouble thy self for that, my dear! I warrant thee I'll tame him, the wilder the better.

Clara. This is stark staring madness, why this lewd Cozen of ours, they say, has had all the women in Town that are to be had for Love or Money.

Eug. Sayst thou so my Child? then will my conquest be the greater, and I shall triumph over all them he has had, and he will be the more likely to be constant to me whom he never had.

Clara. A short Triumph 'twould be, till he can meet with another weak enough to be taken.

Eug. I would not give a Farthing for her that cannot secure the Conquest she has made: I will have him, and I am mistaken if he be not as fierce upon me, as I am upon him.

Clara. Thou art a mad Girl, I would not fall in love with a wild Fellow of the Town, if he would jointure me with the *East-Indies*.

Eug. I could not, would not, but have fallen in love with this wild Fellow of the Town, to have been Mistress of all the Gold and Jewels in both *Indies*.

Clara. Heaven defend me.

Eug. Thou art only fit to be Spouse to some Ladies darling, who has been cocker'd with Cawdles by his Lady mother, bred under a very humble civil Tutor in the house, who is always in most profound awe of his Pupil, from whence to the University he goes, where Divines (for the great respect they have to some Livings in his gift) flatter and indulge him in what he thinks fit.

Clara. You are very merrily dispos'd.

Eug. From thence the Fop comes home, and sets up his rest upon Horses, and Dogs, rides for a place, grows a most furious *Nimrod*, and hunts perpetually.

Clara. Will the Alarum of your Tongue never be down?

Eugen. Come let's walk, and see if we can spy this same dear, dear, wild, very wild cousin, come along.

Exeunt Eugen, and Clara.

Prisc. Mercy on me, the World's turn'd topsy turvy. My Lady will kill me: She is a very Fury, and when provok'd, nor man, woman nor child can stand in her way.

Exit Priscilla.

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Whach. My dear Rogues! Dear Dogs! *Bluster and Dingboy!* you are the bravest fellows that ever scowred yet.

Blust. Dear Squire *Whachum!* If ever there was such scowring in *Highbourn* since 'twas built, may I never taste *Nants-Brandy* more at midnight.

Ding. The Nation will ring of us; such Exploits! such Achievements! Not a window left in all the Inns of Chancery; those Hives of Attorneys, those Suit-breeders, those Litigious Rogues, the Sons of Court-hand, Copy Paper and Green Wax.

Blust. Not a Tavern window in all the street has a Quarrel in it.

Whach. Then how we scowr'd the Market people, overthrew the Butter-women, defeated the Pippin-Merchants, wip'd out the Milk-scores, pull'd off the Door-knockers, Dawb'd the gilt Signs!

Ding. But a pox on't, we were confoundedly beaten by the Hellish Constable and his *Posse* of Scoundrel Dogs.

Blust. That most Damnable Inflexible Prig that bound us over this morning must be toss'd in a Blanket.

Ding. Slit in the Nose, and suffer other operations not very agreeable to him.

Whach. No, let's be brave, but not too brave, I'll pay for the Windows and all; my Head's broken, but no matter I'll not be dismay'd: Well, never men laugh'd and roar'd more: This same Flipp and Punch are rare drinks.

Ding. Nay, I'll hang for't if there be a knot of better Laughers in *England*.

Whach. We'll laugh with e're a gang in *England* for a thousand pound. Why laughing's all the joy of a mans life.

Blust. Then we have scowr'd so magnanimously these three nights, that we were taken for Sir *William Rant* and his company.

Whach. Sir *William?* no, no; oh Sir *William* is the finest, compleatest Gentleman that ever wore a head.

Ding. There are others, Squire, that shall be nameless.

Whach. Oh no, never talk on't: there will never be his Fellow. Oh had you seen him scowre as I did, oh so delicately, so like a Gentleman! how he clear'd the *Rose-Tavern!* I was there about Law business, compounding for a Bastard, and he and two fine Gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteely turn'd us all out of the Room, and swing'd us, and kick'd us about, I vow to Gad, 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.

Blust. I'faith did he? ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Brave fellows! ha, ha, ha.

Whach. Aye, was't not handsome, ha, ha, ha. And in a minutes time clear'd the whole house, and broke all the windows, beat the woman at the Bar, and swagger'd by themselves. Ha, ha, ha.

Blust.

Blust. Ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Ha, ha, ha.

Whach. Peace, peace; hold, hold! Here he comes, with his brave Friends. Stand by, and observe. Look you there, look you there, there's a fine person! there's a compleat Gentleman!

Enter Sir William Rant, Wildfire and Tope.

Blust. A good pretty man.

Ding. The man's well enough, but Squire *Whachum* I say for all that.

Whach. O fie fie, Pretty-man! well he shall be my pattern while I live, an't please Heaven. You shall see him, oh if did you but hear him swear and curse: you'd be in love with him! He does 'em so like a Gentleman, while a company of ye here about the Town, pop out your Oaths like pellets out of Elder Guns. They come so easily, so sweetly from him, even like Musick from an Organ-pipe.

Sir Will. What do they lay more upon us than we did? who the Devil should these be that scowre so to be taken for us?

Wildf. Puh, pox these must be some Scoundrels that prophane our noble actions with vile bungling imitation.

Tope. A man wou'd think we need no imputative wickedness.

Sir Will. These Mushroom Scowrers had best see they do it handsomely, and bring no disgrace upon us, or we may chance to whip some of 'em thro' the Lungs about that business.

Whach. Do you hear *Bluster* and *Dingboy*? Oh if Fate, and my own Industry, could ever make me like this Dear, this gallant *Sir William*, I were at the end of my Ambition.

Will. 'Tis a hard thing to scowre naturally, and handsomely.

Tope. Every Puppy, now a-days, presumes to set up for a Drunkard; but there are more good qualities requisite to a Drunkard than to a Minister of State, or a deep Divine. I'll pick up fellows fit for great men every hour in the Streets, but a Drunkard. —

Sir Will. Well said, *Jack Tope*, thou art in the right, he must be of *Mien* and Person not ungraceful, of pleasing Speech, sharp must his Wit be, and his Judgment solid.

Wildf. He must be chearful, easie, and well temper'd.

Tope. He must be well bred, have seen the World; learn'd, knowing; and retentive of a secret: He must have Truth and Courage.

Sir Will. In short, he must be just such a fellow as thou art, if it be possible; while all thy Contemporaries have either Dyed, or left off, and grown sober Sots, thou still perseverest in generous Lewdness.

Wild. He is only to blame a little, to brush up the Ladies so much, when he's an Ancient Gentleman, and knows his own ability.

Tope. Prithee Stripling, trouble not thy self with what I can do, I can make love enough to make a Husband or Gallant Jealous, and that's as good as any thing thou canst do.

Whach. Look you there now! Well, all Europe cannot show a knot of finer Wks, and braver Gentlemen.

Ding.

Ding. Faith, they are pretty smart men.

Bluff. The Gentlemen, I must confess, are pretty Gentlemen; but time shall try. I'll say no more —

Sir Will. Gentlemen, I have an adventure will separate as for a while; but this shall be our *Rendezvous*.

Wild. 'Tis not fit for a Gentleman to be without an Adventure in this place,
Jack Tope.

Tope. Pox o' your Whores! I come here to venture for a good stomach to my Calvert Salmon, and my Turbot; your lazy fellows lose the pleasure of the Park, you should be here in a morning, and observe crowching Spaniels hastning to some great mans Levee, whom they wish hang'd; and lean, assiduous knaves of business running from Office to Office, to get all they can under the Government they hate.

Wild. How many Villains that wish the Government destroyed, yet crowd for places in it.

Sir Will. Such Rogues can do the Government no harm if they be kept out. But *Tope*, if thou growst politick, and troublest thy self how matters go, thou art too solid for a Drunkard, and must knock off.

Tope. I knock off! Gad I scorn your words, I'll bury two or three hundred of you. Hem, hem, I'll scowre in the *Mall* now, if you will, without the help of Spirit of Clary, fasting, and in cold blood: Come on, fall on, I need no provocations to Lewdness.

Sir Will. Hold hold, a Say! a say! Each part, and cruise about.

Wild. Adieu for a while.

Tope. A while! a pox o' your damn'd Caterwauling: Think on the Turbott and the Calvert Salmon at *Lockers*.

Sir Will. Two a clock be the time. *Ex. Sir Will. Rant, Wildfire and Tope.*

Whack. Let's follow at a distance and observe 'em. They are the bravest Blades, and purest Wits in Christendom.

Ding. But hark you Squire, by their discourse, even now, they seem to be Whiggs.

Bluff. Damn'd Whiggs methinks.

Whac. I am afraid they are a little Whiggish; really 'tis a thousand pities, they have kept ill company. *Enter Sir Humphry Maggot.*

Cods me, here's my Uncle! Great souls contain your selves.

Sir Humph. How Nephew! What you are never to be found in your Chamber of late: How will your studies go on at this rate?

Whack. I was not well this morning, and came to take a little air.

Sir Humph. Air, say you? Is there not as good air in *Westminster-hall*? Yes, and a profitable air some find it. I went thither expecting to find you upon a Cricket, civilly taking Reports, I think they call 'em.

Whack. In good time Sir.

Sir Humph. In good time! Come mind your business, I have made a match for you with my wives second daughter; the first is a Mad-cap, I'll have nothing to do with her; but the second for my money. I have agreed with her Mother that you shall give 5000*l.*

Whac.

Whac. I am for the eldest, she is for a mad fellow: She will fall in love with me, and I'll marry her for nothing.

Aside

Sir Humph. How! What Companions are these?

Whac. Students of the Temple Sir, hard Students, very hard Students.

Sir Humph. Students of the Temple? they look like Students of *White-Fryers*.

Whac. Have a care what you say Sir? your words will be actionable, they study hard all nights, lye rough, and seldom go to bed.

Sir Humph. Have they read the Year books?

Whac. Read all all.

Ding. The Devil o' bit, read quoth he?

Bluster. Year books! I never read any thing but Gazettes, those are the week books.

Sir Humph. Well Gentlemen de'e hear any news? I hear the Pope and the King of *France* are agreed.

Ding. We hard Students never mind News, but that's very good.

Sir Humph. Hold I see one that owes me Money, stay I'll come to you here and tell you more, I hope we are all honest.

Whac. Oh aye.

Sir Humph. Do you and they come dine with me then. *Exit Sir Humph.*

Whac. A pox on him, he has hindered us observing these fine Gentlemen, let's walk, we shall lose them. *Exeunt Whacum, Dingboy and Bluster.*

Enter Lady Maggot, after her Tope.

Lady Magg. Are there no Gallants left? poor gentle love is now neglected, and all mens heads lye towards Knavery and Bnsiness. I have walk'd the whole length of the *Mall* alone, on purpose for an amorous Adventure, and met none; nor have had any observe me except this old Red nos'd, batter'd Drunkard, and yet my shape and habit are enough inviting, besides some Jewels which I seem to conceal, and yet take care to expose, shew my Wealth and Quality sufficiently. *Enter Sir Humphry.*

Tope. What solitary adventure is this? she is richly laden, I'll lay her on board with my two Pounders and my Patereras

Sir Humph. That must be my sweet Duckling—I know her by her pretty waddle in her Gate—besides I have had a sight of her Rump Jewel: I know it—my Dear, my Chicken I know thee well enough.

Lady Mag. Unlucky Omen for a Lady to be pick'd up by her own musty Husband first? How now, what old Fellow art thou?

Sir Humph. Come Chicken! don't think to bob thy own Dear, don't I know that Jewel?

Tope. Ha! This is the Aldermans Wife, I'll cuckold him, that's certain: I have not cuckolded an Alderman these 7 years. *If honest Jack Tope should live to be kept in his old Age? Hah!*

La Mag. Well *Sneak-goose* what then? what do you come poking hither for?

Sir Humph. Come Chicken, I'll take a walk with thee.

La Mag. With me! I faith but you shall not, when did you ever see a Lady of my Quality walk with her own Husband? well I shall never teach a Citizen manners. I warrant you think you are in *Moor-Fields* seeing Haberdashers walking with their whole Fireside. *Sir*

Sir Hum. Prithce Chicken be appeas'd:

La. Mag. Chicken! you are very familiar, what you would have the world believe you Jealous?

Sir Hum. Who I Jealous? Heaven forbid.

La. Mag. Besides a Lady of my Quality, that have so many great people of kin to me, to be seen with a pitiful mechanick Alderman. I have disgrac'd the Ancient Noble Family of the *Rants* enough already in marrying you. Be gone I say out of the Park.

Sir. Humph. Well Chicken, thou wilt have thy own way, be not offended no more, I am gone.

Exit Sir Humphry.

Tope. So now have at her, pray Heaven she be found — she's of Quality — hah! maybe ne're the founde for that neither — Hail solitary Damsel! by thy pensive walking I find thou art in Distress; and being a true Knight Errant, come to offer thee the succour of my person.

L. Mag. Not in so much distress neither.

Tope. These Vizards have all gotten a road of talking pertly and impudently, they learn it of the Beaux; come, I know what 'tis thou want'st; I am ready to pay a Bill at sight.

L. Mag. What do you think I have a mind to drink a Bottle or two?

Tope. No, thou perverse creature; thou knowst my meaning well enough; if thou wilt have me speak broad I can bear it, have at thee.

L. Mag. Hold, hold; methinks you seem to be an Ancient Gentleman.

Tope. Ancient! Gad take me, I am tough, and well season'd! All this last Generation were but half gotten, and have the Rickets.

L. Mag. Do not grow troublesome.

Tope. Troublesome, Sweet-heart, be not foolish: Ah! thou knowst not what's in me.

L. Mag. Yes, I suppose last Nights lewd Dose, and two Bottles this Morning: That an old Gentleman with one foot in the Grave should be thus lewd.

Tope. Ounds! I cou'd find in my heart to kick her; she has provok'd my cholier more than ever she can raise my love. But I will dissemble, a whore she is, my whore I'll make her, that I may revenge the indignity, and use her scurvily. Come, my Dear, thou dost not take me for a Milk-sop, to accept of one denial — Have at her.

— Women born to be controll'd,

Stoop to the forward and the bold.

La. Mag. Old Gentleman be civil.

Tope. Old again? you women are for the young stripling that switch, and spur a short race like Citizens on *May-day* in the Park, or we told Lovers are for the whole course, come come I know what you come for, and you shall not go without it — I carry you to a Friends Lodging — and I gad I'll, I'll — so more to be said.

La. Mag. You are a lasey old Fool, and I'll have you kick'd.

Tope. Come, come, you shall go, no matter for that.

La. Mag. Help, help, help!

Will. *Enter Will.* A lady in distress! Do you want my assistance? I am at your service — How now Jack, what's a'coming?

La.

La. Mag. I see you are a man of Honour, a thousand thanks for delivering me from the Assaults of this Libidinous Goat. He is the finest Gentleman I ever saw. *Aside.*

Wild. So fine a Lady shall never want any Service I can do her.

La. Mag. Sweet Sir, really your manner is so obliging.

Tope. These damn'd young Fellows, like Dutch Capers, will snap up all Adventurers, they have the better of us at cruising, we have no game to play at but ready Whore, ready Money.

Wild. You do me too much honour

La. Mag. O I am charm'd with him—— *(aside)* You have so infinitely oblig'd me, that Sir I assure you I shall be always proud of it, and hope to see you at my house in *Soho Square*.

Wild. You make me blush at my little service: Alas that Gentleman may say what he will, he puts on a rough outside, but he is a very harmless man to a Lady as can be.

Tope. Prithee, now I see her Face take her and make your best on't.

La. Mag. Was there ever so rude a Person?

Wild. You know where you are Sir.

Tope. What Sir?

Wild. Prithee *Jack Tope* dissemble a little, there's a trick in't, it shall turn to thy good.

Tope. Pox on her? I care not if she were hang'd.

Exit Tope.

Lady Mag. Sir I beseech you engage not your Person in my Quarrel, if any hurt should come on't, I should for ever hate and curse my self.

Wild. Not on my honour——this is *Maggot* the Aldermans wife, she has two pretty Daughters come to Town, and great Fortunes; besides tho she is declining, she is but a little on the other side of the Hill, and looks well and lusty.

Lady Mag. Sir I fear you are meditating on Revenge upon that old Russian, I shall wish I had never been born, if I should engage so fine a Gentleman in danger, for that reason let me desire the honour of your walking with me while I am in the *Mall*, and afterwards if you please to protect me to my House; I shall there be able to make in some measure a return for this signal favour.

Wild. I am your Slave Madam, wholly at your disposal.

Lady Mag. Oh lucky adventure! this was the happiest moment of my Life. *aside.* Who's here my Daughters Governess? *Enter Pri.*

Gayitt what dost thou from thy charge? where are my Daughters?

Pri. My charge, they have broken loose from me and dety'd me, and you too: They forc'd me to the Park, here they are taken up by a wild Fellow; who bid his Footmen seize on me and toss me in a Blanket.

Lady Mag. Oh vile wretch! He strangle thee, He tear thy Windpipe out, where are they? speak, speak, speak.

Pri. Hold off your hands: you choke me, I can't speak.

Lady Mag. Where where, you old *Judas*?

Pri. At the further end of the *Mall*.

Lady Mag. Forgive my indecent passion, and let me beg your assistance.

How seldom

D

Wild

Sir Humph. VVell that Master Catinat is a very pretty man, he'll soon destroy the Presbyterians and burn that Anti-christian Town of Geneva. Oh this Louis is a glorious Prince, what would I give to see him, I believe I might have a pass to go over to be touch'd for the Evil, He must needs do it rarely.

Sir Will. VVell said old Grumble, have you no wise advice from my Aunt, she will have you under Correction if you deliver it not.

Sir Humph. poor Lady, she grieves that you should drink and roar, and beat the whole Town: and spend your Money upon ugly Whores. But pray what News of Buda?

Enter Mrs. Mavis and Mrs. Haughty at two several doors.

Ralph. Now they are both gotten up, Wars will ensue.

Sir Will. Hold hold Nuncle, ugly Whores say you? be you Judge, who keeps the uglier Whores my Aunt or I?

Haughty. Oh impudence! another in the House, oh oh.

They both fall in

Mavis. Oh Devil I cannot endure this, oh oh.

2 Chairs in Fits.

Sir Humph. Gad forgive me, look to the Gentlewomen, look to the Gentlewomen.

Sir Will. Now my dear Friends let's go quickly now now, I love to leave VVhores in Fits mightily.

[Ex. Sir VVill. Tope, VVildfire and Ralph.]

Sir Humph. Gad take me! hold the Gentlewomen, bring some cold water, and flower, burn some blew inkle and Partridge Feathers, 'tis my Ladies Medicine.

Two lusty Fellows hold them.

Haughty. Is the Villain gone?

aside,

Mavis. Is the Rogue fled?

aside.

Haughty. Oh you Flirts I'll pluck your Eyes out.

They fight and

Mavis. I'll tear you Limb from Limb.

tear one another.

Sir Will. Gad forgive me! help help, part them, they are incens'd, why Ladies, Gentlewomen, keep the peace, I charge ye in the Kings Name, I am of the Quorum.

They part them.

Enter Housekeeper with her Spectacles in one hand, and the Ladies calling in the other.

Haughty. Oh Impudence!

Mavis. Thou common thing.

Haughty. Go Fexabel, go.

Mavis. Avoid paint and wash!

Haughty. Go pitiful Creature.

Mavis. Creature! creature in the very face of thee.

Haughty. The Town knows what thou art.

Mavis. What am I, Fone? What do they know of me?

Abigail. In truth you are to blame, to disturb a civil well orderd Family thus, well were it not for good Books that comfort me, I could never bear such exorbitances.

Sir Humph. Ha, The Ladies calling, a very Matronly Gentlewoman truly.

Abigail. But these godly books quiet the Conscience mightily.

Sir Humph. Hah good Soul!

Haughty. Let me come at her.

Mavis. I'll tear her Throat out.

Haughty.

Haught. Bawd, bawd.

Moon. Thou art old enough to be my Mother.

Haught. Let me come at her.

Moon. Let me come at her.

Abigail. In truth Ladies you are much to blame, cannot you be civil & take them away separately.

Haug. Whore, whore, whore, whore.

Moon. Whore, whore, whore, whore.

Sir Humphrey takes the House-keeper under the Arm, and leads her out

They hold them out at several doors.

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Priscilla, Clara, Eugenia.

Pris. **W**Hat account shall I give of my Charge, and Guardianship? my Lady sends you out under my prudent conduct, as I may say, to look after Commodores and Top-knots, with a flat Injunction not to see this lewd place, the Park.

Eug. Did she so old Mumpsimus?

Pris. And you in Contempt of her sovereign power, and my lawful authority under her, presume to come hither, what shall I do? what shall I say?

Clara. Can flesh and blood forbear this sweet, this most delicious place?

Pris. Flesh and Blood! Yes, it is a place fit for the carrying on the designs of flesh and blood indeed.

Eug. And what dost thou take us for Spirits, Woman?

Pris. Come come Gentlemen, my Lady is a wise woman: This is the Exchange for Lovers: Here they meet, and if they absent themselves are lookt upon as broken; nay worse, it is the Rendezvous of Fornicators and Adulterers.

Clara. 'Tis the Rendezvous of all who have sense enough to love the delicatest place on Earth.

Pris. But I have a secret to tell you, it concerns you Madam Clara, I have found from Sir Humphrey your Father in Law, that he has made a match between his Nephew Mr. Whackum and you.

Eug. The Devil he shall! there's a mechanick thing, there is not such an odious creature as a City Spark.

Pris. Don't you trouble your self, his Uncle says you are not sober enough for him.

Clara. Nor I fool enough for him, I thank Heaven, a filthy City wit, those Fellows are as lewd as the Gentlemen every whit, only more impudent, foolish and ill-manner'd.

Eug. Dear Clara thou art in the right, when a man is lewd with a bon Grace there's

there's something in it; but a Fellow that is awkwardly wicked is not to be born.

Pris. He wicked! why he is a Student of the Inns of Court, Madam *Eugenia*.

Eug. Well you had a great secret for my Sister, and I have one for you: In short we are both resolv'd not to endure any longer the intolerable Yoke of Arbitrary power, under which we have so long groan'd, if you will comply, one or both of us will provide for you:

Clara. And preserve you from making Night-caps or footing Stockings in a Garret, the pitiful remnant of thy decrepid Life.

Pris. Oh times and manners! will you break loose from all Government? I shall be undone, what will my Lady say, if she knows that you saw your Cozen *Ram* here yesterday?

Eug. Mutter no more under thy Gums, old *Sybil* I did see my Cozen yesterday, and I hope to see him this day, and every day of my life; keep your distance, we that are resolv'd to cast off my Mothers Tyranny, will no longer suffer thy Insolence.

Pris. What will become of poor me?

Clara. We are true English women, Co-heirs of two thousand pounds a year, and are resolv'd to assert our Liberty and Property.

Eug. Does my Mother think she shall mew us up any more, at her Jointure house, old Doe-little?

Clara. Amongst poor innocent country things, who never stir beyond the Parish but to some Fair.

Pris. Did she not bestow good breeding upon you there?

Eugen. Breeding! what to learn to feed Ducklings, and cram Chickens?

Clara. To see Cows milk'd, learn to churn, and make cheese?

Eugen. To make clouted cream, and whipt Sillabubs?

Clara. To make a Caraway Cake, and raise Py-crust?

Eugen. And to learn the top of your skill in Syrrup, Sweat-meats, *Aqua mirabilis*, and Snayl water.

Clara. Or your great cunning in Cheese-cakes, several Creams and Almond-butter.

Pris. Ay ay, and 'twere better for all the Gentlemen in *England* if their Wives had no other breeding, but you had Musick and Dancing.

Eug. Yes an ignorant, illiterate hopping Puppy, that rides his dancing Circuit thirty miles about, Lights off his tyred Steed, draws his Kit at a poor country creature, and gives her a Hich in her pace, that she shall never recover.

Clara. And for Musick an old hoarse singing man riding ten miles from his Cathedral to Quaver out the Glories of our Birth and State, or it may be a Scotch Song more hideous and barbarous than an Irish Cronan.

Eug. And another Musick-master from the next Town to teach one to twinkle out *Lilly burlero* upon an old pair of Virginals, that sound worse than a Tinkers kettle that he crys his work upon—we'll ha' no more on't, we are come up to London and common sense, and we defy thee and thy works.

Clara. Keep distance.

Eugen. Avoid thou that think'st because thou art old thou must be wise.

Clara.

Clara. Avaunt we'll have no more to do with thee!

Euge. Attend.

Clara. Obey.

Euge. Be under good Discipline.

Clara. Be a towardly old Governess.

Euge. We are free from this minute.

Clara. Never more to hear thy wise advice,

Eugen. Thy old Saws, and foolish Sayings.

Clara. We will pare our Nails on any day of the Week.

Eug. And do what we will upon Childermas day, oh my dear Sister! How happy are we to come to this most blessed Town, and these most heavenly walks.

Clara. This Paradise of the world.

Eugen. Oh this Cozen of ours, he is the prettiest man my Eyes e're yet beheld.

Clara. But sure *Eugenia* thou art mad.

Eug. Yes I am mad, stark mad, in love with him, and will be mad.

Clara. Thou art mad indeed, in love with so wild a man?

Eug. Wild, never trouble thy self for that, my dear! I warrant thee I'll tame him, the wilder the better.

Clara. This is stark staring madness, why this lewd Cozen of ours, they say, has had all the women in Town that are to be had for Love or Money.

Eug. Sayst thou so my Child? then will my conquest be the greater, and I shall triumph over all them he has had, and he will be the more likely to be constant to me whom he never had.

Clara. A short Triumph 'twould be, till he can meet with another weak enough to be taken.

Eug. I would not give a Farthing for her that cannot secure the Conquest she has made: I will have him, and I am mistaken if he be not as fierce upon me, as I am upon him.

Clara. Thou art a mad Girl, I would not fall in love with a wild Fellow of the Town, if he would Jointure me with the *East-Indies*.

Eug. I could not, would not, but have fallen in love with this wild Fellow of the Town, to have been Mistress of all the Gold and Jewels in both *Indies*.

Clara. Heaven defend me.

Eug. Thou art only fit to be Spouse to some Ladies darling, who has been cocker'd with Cawdles by his Lady mother, bred under a very humble civil Tutor in the house, who is always in most profound awe of his Pupil, from whence to the University he goes, where Divines (for the great respect they have to some Livings in his gift) flatter and indulge him in what he thinks fit.

Clara. You are very merrily dispos'd.

Eug. From thence the Fop comes home, and sets up his rest upon Horses, and Dogs, rides for a place, grows a most furious *Nimrod*, and hunts perpetually.

Clara. Will the Alarum of your Tongue never be down?

Eugen. Come let's walk, and see if we can spy this same dear, dear, wild, very wild cousin, come along.

Exit Eugen. and Clara.

Prisc. Mercy on me, the World's turn'd topsy turvy. My Lady will kill me : She is a very Fury, and when provok'd, nor man, woman nor child can stand in her way.

Exit Priscilla.

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Whach. My dear Rogues ! Dear Dogs ! *Bluster and Dingboy !* you are the bravest fellows that ever scowred yet.

Blust. Dear Squire *Whachum !* If ever there was such scowring in *High-Holbourn* since 'twas built, may I never taste *Nanis-Brandy* more at midnight.

Ding. The Nation will ring of us ; such Exploits ! such Atchievements ! Not a window left in all the Inns of Chancery ; those Hives of Attorneys, those Suit-breeders, those Litigious Rogues, the Sons of Court-hand, Copy Paper and Green Wax.

Blust. Not a Tavern window in all the street has a Quarrel in it.

Whach. Then how we scow'd the Market people, overthrew the Butter-women, defeated the Pippin-Merchants, wip'd out the Milk-scores, pull'd off the Door-knockers, Daw'd the gilt Signs ?

Ding. But a pox on't, we were confoundedly beaten by the Hellish Constable and his *Posse* of Scoundrel Dogs.

Blust. That most Damnable Inflexible Prig that bound us over this morning must be toss'd in a Blanket.

Ding. Slit in the Nose, and suffer other operations not very agreeable to him.

Whach. No, let's be brave, but not too brave, I'll pay for the Windows and all ; my Head's broken, but no matter I'll not be dismay'd : Well, never men laugh'd and roar'd more : This same Flipp and Punch are rare drinks.

Ding. Nay, I'll hang for't if there be a knot of better Laughers in *England*.

Whach. We'll laugh with e're a gang in *England* for a thousand pound. Why laughing's all the joy of a mans life.

Blust. Then we have scow'd so magnanimously these three nights, that we were taken for Sir *William Rant* and his company.

Whach. Sir *William* ? no, no ; oh Sir *William* is the finest, compleatest Gentleman that ever wore a head.

Ding. There are others, Squire, that shall be nameless.

Whach. Oh no, never talk on't : there will never be his Fellow. Oh had you seen him scowre as I did, oh so delicately, so-like a Gentleman ! how he clear'd the *Rose-Tavern* ! I was there about Law business, compounding for a Bastard, and he and two fine Gentlemen came roaring in the handsomeliest, and the most genteely turn'd us all out of the Room, and swing'd us, and kick'd us about, I vow to Gad, 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.

Blust. I faith did he ? ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Brave fellows ! ha, ha, ha.

Whach. Aye, was't not handsome, ha, ha, ha. And in a minutes time clear'd the whole house, and broke all the windows, beat the woman at the Bar, and swagger'd by themselves. Ha, ha, ha.

Blust.

Blust. Ha, ha, ha.

Ding. Ha, ha, ha.

Whach. Peace, peace; hold, hold! Here he comes, with his brave Friends. Stand by, and observe. Look you there, look you there, there's a fine person! there's a compleat Gentleman!

Enter Sir William Rant, Wildfire and Tope.

Blust. A good pretty man,

Ding. The man's well enough, but Squire *Whachum* I say for all that.

Whach. O fie fie, Pretty man! well he shall be my pattern while I live, an't please Heaven. You shall see him, oh if did you but hear him swear and curse, you'd be in love with him! He does 'em so like a Gentleman, while a company of ye here about the Town, pop out your Oaths like pellets out of Elder Guns. They come so easily, so sweetly from him, even like Musick from an Organ-pipe.

Sir Will. What do they lay more upon us than we did? who the Devil should these be that scowre so to be taken for us?

Wildf. Puh, pox these must be some Scoundrels that prophane our noble actions with vile bungling imitation.

Tope. A man would think we need no imputatione wickedness.

Sir Will. These Mushroom Scowrers had best see they do it handsomely, and bring no disgrace upon us, or we may chance to whip some of 'em thro' the Lungs about that business.

Whach. Do you hear *Bluster* and *Dingbat*? Oh, if Fate, and my own Industry, could ever make me like this Dear, this gallant, *Sir William*, I were at the end of my Ambition.

Wild. 'Tis a hard thing to scowre naturally, and handsomely.

Tope. Every Puppy, now a-days, presumes to set up for a Drunkard; but there are more good qualities requisite to a Drunkard than to a Minister of State, or a deep Divine. I'll pick up fellows fit for great men every hour in the Streets, but a Drunkard.

Sir Will. Well said, *Jack Tope*, thou art in the right, he must be of *Quality* and Person not ungraceful, of pleasing Speech, sharp must his Wit be, and his Judgment solid.

Wildf. He must be chearful, easie, and well temper'd.

Tope. He must be well bred, have seen the World; learnt, knowing, and retentive of a secret; He must have Truth and Courage.

Sir Will. In short, he must be just such a fellow as thou art, if it be possible while all thy Contemporaries have either Dyed, or left off, and grown sober. So if thou still perseverest in generous Lewdness.

Wild. He is only to blame a little, to brush up the Ladies so much, when he's an Ancient Gentleman, and knows his own ability.

Tope. Prithce Stripling, trouble not thy self with what I can do, I can make love enough to make a Husband or Gallant Jealous, and that's as good as any thing thou canst do.

Whach. Look you there now! Well, all Europe cannot show a knot of finer Wits, and braver Gentlemen.

Ding. Faith, they are pretty smart men.

Bluff. The Gentlemen, I must confess, are pretty Gentlemen; but time shall try. I'll say no more——

Sir Will. Gentlemen, I have an adventure will separate us for a while; but this shall be our Rendezvous.

Wild. 'Tis not fit for a Gentleman to be without an Adventure in this place,
Jack Tope.

Tope. Pox o' your Whores! I come here to venture for a good stomach to my Calvert Salmon, and my Turbot; your lazy fellows lose the pleasure of the Park, you should be here in a morning, and observe crouching Spaniels hastning to some great man's Levee, whom they wish hang'd; and lean, affluous knaves of business running from Office to Office, to get all they can under the Government they hate.

Wild. How many Villains that wish the Government destroyed, yet crowd for places in it.

Sir Will. Such Rogues can do the Government no harm if they be kept out. But *Tope*, if thou growst politick, and troublest thy self how matters go, thou art too solid for a Drunkard, and must knock off.

Tope. I knock off! Gad I scorn your words, I'll bury two or three hundred of you. Hem, hem, I'll scowre in the Mall now, if you will, without the help of Spirit of Clary, fasting, and in cold blood: Come on, fall on, I need no provocations to Lewdness.

Sir Will. Hold hold, a Sayl! a sayl! Each part, and cruise about.

Wild. Adieu for a while.

Tope. A while! a pox o' your damn'd Caterwauling: Think on the Turbott and the Calvert Salmon at Lockers.

Sir Will. Two a clock be the time. *Ex. Sir Will. Rant, Wildfire and Tope.*

Whac. Let's follow at a distance and observe 'em. They are the bravest Blades, and purest Wits in Christendom.

Ding. But hark you Squire, by their discourse, even now, they seem to be Whiggs.

Bluff. Damn'd Whiggs methinks.

Whac. I am afraid they are a little Whiggish; really 'tis a thousand pities, they have kept ill company. *Enter Sir Humphry Maggot.*

Cods me, here's my Uncle! Great souls contain your selves.

Sir Humph. How Nephew! What you are never to be found in your Chamber of late: How will your studies go on at this rate?

Whac. I was not well this morning, and came to take a little air.

Sir Humph. Air, say you? Is there not as good air in Westminster-hall? Yes, and a profitable air some find it. I went thither expecting to find you upon a Cricket, civilly taking Reports, I think they call 'em.

Whac. In good time Sir.

Sir Humph. In good time! Come mind your business, I have made a match for you with my wives second daughter; the first is a Mad-cap, I'll have nothing to do with her; but the second for my money. I have agreed with her Mother that you shall give 5000 £.

Whac.

Whac. I am for the eldest, the is for a mad fellow: She will fall in love with me, and I'll marry her for nothing.

Sir Humph. How! What Companions are these?

Whac. Students of the Temple Sir, hard Students, very hard Students.

Sir Humph. Students of the Temple? they look like Students of *White-Fryers*.

Whac. Have a care what you say Sir? your words will be actionable, they study hard all nights, lye rough, and seldom go to bed.

Sir Humph. Have they read the Year books?

Whac. Read all all.

Ding. The Devil o' bit, read quoth he?

Bluffer. Year books! I never read any thing but *Gazettes*, those are the week books.

Sir Humph. Well Gentlemen de'd hear any news? I hear the Pope and the King of *France* are agreed.

Ding. We hard Students never mind News, but that's very good.

Sir Humph. Hold I see one that owes me Money, stay I'll come to you here and tell you more, I hope we are all honest.

Whac. Oh aye,

Sir Humph. Do you and they come dine with me then.

Whac. A pox on him, he has hindered us observing these fine Gentlemen, let's walk, we shall lose them.

Enter Lady Maggot, after her Tope.

Lady Magg. Are there no Gallants left? poor gentle love is now neglected, and all mens heads lye towards Knavery and Business. I have walk'd the whole length of the *Mall* alone, on purpose for an amorous Adventure, and met none; nor have had any observe me except this old Red nos'd, better'd Drunkard, and yet my shape and habit are enough inviting, besides some Jewels which I seem to conceal, and yet take care to expose, shew my Weakness and Quality sufficiently.

Tope. What solitary adventure is this? she is richly laden, I'll lay her on board with my two Pounders and my Patererars.

Sir Humph. That must be my sweet Duckling—I know her by her pretty waddle in her Gate—besides I have had a sight of her Rump Jewels I know it—my Dear, my Chicken I know thee well enough.

Lady Mag. Unlucky Omen for a Lady to be pick'd up by her own musty Husband first? How now, what old Fellow art thou?

Sir Humph. Come Chicken! don't think to bob thy own Dear, don't I know that Jewel?

Tope. Ha! This is the Aldermans Wife, He cuckold him, that's certain: I have not cuckolded an Alderman these 7 years. If honest Jack Tope shall live to be kept in his old Age? Hah!

La Mag. Well Sneak-goose what then? what do you come poking hither for?

Sir Humph. Come Chicken, I'll take a walk with thee.

La Mag. With me! I faith but you shall not, when did you ever see a Lady of my Quality walk with her own Husband? well I shall never reach a Citizen manners. I warrant you think you are in *Moor-Fields* seeing Haberdashers walking with their whole Fireside.

Sir Hum. Prithce Chicken be appeard!

La. Mag. Chicken! you are very familiar, what you would have the world believe you Jealous?

Sir Hum. Who I Jealous? Heaven forbid.

La. Mag. Besides a Lady of my Quality, that have so many great people of kin to me, to be seen with a pitiful mechanick Alderman. I have disgrac'd the Ancient Noble Family of the *Rams* enough already in marrying you. Be gone I say out of the Park.

Sir. Humpb. Well Chicken, thou wilt have thy own way, be not offended no more, I am gone.

Exit Sir Humphry.

Top. So now have at her, pray Heaven she be found — she's of Quality — hah! may be ne're the sounder for that neither — Hail solitary Damsel! by thy pensive walking I find thou art in Distress; and being a true Knight Errant, come to offer thee the succour of my person.

L. Mag. Not in so much distress neither.

Top. These Vizards have all gotten a road of talking pertly and impudently, they learn it of the Beaux; come, I know what 'tis thou want'st; I am ready to pay a Bill at sight.

L. Mag. What do you think I have a mind to drink a Bottle or two?

Top. No, thou pervert creature; thou know'st my meaning well enough; if thou wilt have me speak broad I can bear it, have at thee.

L. Mag. Hold, hold, methinks you seem to be an Ancient Gentleman.

Top. Ancient! Gad take me, I am tough, and well season'd! All this last Generation were but half gotten, and have the Rickets.

L. Mag. Do not grow troublesome.

Top. Troublesome, Sweet-heart, be not foolish; Ah! thou know'st not what's in me.

L. Mag. Yes, I suppose last Nights lewd Dose, and two Bottles this Morning: That an old Gentleman with one foot in the Grave should be thus lewd.

Top. Ounds! I cou'd find in my heart to kick her; she has provok'd my chollier more than ever she can raise my love. But I will dissemble, a whore she is; my whore! I'll make her, that I may revenge the indignity, and use her scurvily. Come, my Dear, thou dost not take me for a Milk-sop, to accept of one denial — Have at her.

— Women born to be controll'd,

Stoop to the forward and the bold.

La. Mag. Old Gentleman be civil.

Top. Old agen! you women are for the young stripling that switch and spur a short race like Citizens on *May-day* in the Park, but we solid Lovers are for the whole course, come come I know what you come for, and you shall not go without it — I'll carry you to a Friends Lodging — and I gad I'll, I'll — no more to be said.

La. Mag. You are a sawcy old Fool, and I'll have you kickt.

Top. Come, come, you shall go, no matter for that.

La. Mag. Help, help, help!

Enter Wild.

Wild. A Lady in Distress! Do you want my assistance? I am at your service — How now Jack, what Ravishing?

La.

La. Mag. I see you are a man of Honour, a thousand thanks for delivering me from the Assaults of this Libidinous Goat. He is the finest Gentleman I ever saw. *Aside.*

Wild. So fine a Lady shall never want any Service I can do her.

La. Mag. Sweet Sir, really your manner is so obliging.

Tope. These damn'd young Fellows, like Dutch Capers, will snap up all Adventurers, they have the better of us at cruising, we have no game to play at but ready Whore, ready Money.

Wild. You do me too much honour.

La. Mag. O I am charm'd with him—— *(aside)* You have so infinitely oblig'd me, that Sir I assure you I shall be always proud of it, and hope to see you at my house in *Sobo Square*.

Wild. You make me blush at my little service: Alas that Gentleman may say what he will, he puts on a rough outside, but he is a very harmless man to a Lady as can be.

Tope. Prithee, now I see her Face take her and make your best on't.

La. Mag. Was there ever so rude a Person?

Wild. You know where you are Sir.

Tope. What Sir?

Wild. Prithee *Jack Tope* dissemble a little, there's a trick in't, it shall turn to thy good.

Tope. Pox on her? I care not if she were hang'd.

Exit Tope.

Lady Mag. Sir I beseech you engage not your Person in my Quarrel, if any hurt should come on't, I should for ever hate and curse my self.

Wild. Not on my honour——this is *Maggot* the Aldermans wife, she has two pretty Daughters come to Town, and great Fortunes; besides tho she is declining, she is but a little on the other side of the Hill, and looks well and lusty:

Lady Mag. Sir I fear you are meditating on Revenge upon that old Russian; I shall wish I had never been born, if I should engage so fine a Gentleman in danger, for that reason let me desire the honour of your walking with me while I am in the *Mall*, and afterwards if you please to protect me to my House; I shall there be able to make in some measure a return for this signal favour.

Wild. I am your Slave Madam, wholly at your disposal.

Lady Mag. Oh lucky adventure! this was the happiest moment of my Life. *aside.* Who's here my Daughters Governess? *Enter Pris.* Caytiff what dost thou from thy charge? where are my Daughters?

Pris. My charge, they have broken loose from me and defy'd me, and you too: They forc'd me to the Park, here they are taken up by a wild Fellow; who bid his Footmen seize on me and toss me in a Blanket.

Lady Mag. Oh vile wretch! I'll strangle thee, I'll tear thy Windpipe out, where are they? speak, speak, speak.

Pris. Hold off your hands. you choke me, I can't speak.

Lady Mag. Where where, you old *Judas*?

Pris. At the further end of the *Mall*.

Lady Mag. Forgive my indecent passion, and let me beg your assistance—— follow Beldame. *D* *Will.*

Sir Hum. Prithce Chicken be appeard!

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Pris. At the further end of the *Mall*.

Lady Mag. Forgive my indecent passion, and let me beg your assistance—— follow Beldame.

Will. I wait on you Madam, this was a happy opportunity. [*Aside. Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir William Rant, Eugenia and Clara.

Clara. Dear Sister, Let's go, I tremble every Joynt, Oh if my Mother should see us ?

Sir Will. Dear pretty Cozen know thy power, and defy the Tyranny of thy Mother.

Clara. The only man my Mother has perpetually warn'd us off.

Sir Will. Ha ! I am glad of that, she could not possibly have contriv'd better to bring us together. [*Aside.*] But dear *Eugenia*, thou sweetest creature that the Earth e're bere ! consider thy own confinement, and my misery : There is not in a Dungeon such a wretch as I should be without thy kindness.

Eugen. What you take me for a poor weak country thing, as ready to be caught as any Fool you ever ruin'd yet ; I'll make you know I am above your Arts.

Sir Will. You are to me what e're you please to be, but I to you must be the truest, and the heartiest Lover that ever Beauty was too hard for yet.

Eugen. You talk as if you were serious, can you imagine this will pass, how smoothly you rehearse it ?

Sir Will. Tear out my heart and thou wilt find thy Image there :

Eugen. Fustian ! rapture ! said to a hundred tawdy things in a week. Can you think me so mad to fling my self away upon so notorious a lewd creature ? 'Tis a certain ruin to be seen with you.

Sir Will. I am struck in a moment, you have already converted me, I will be as remarkable in my penitence, as ever I was in my wickedness, Parsons shall write books of it, and preach upon it while I am living.

Eugen. A very pretty piece of Raillery.

Sir Will. Raillery ! by Heaven and Earth !

Eug. Nay, nay, no swearing, your Bead roll's long enough already, you shall have no Sin added to it upon my account.

Clara. Sister, dear Sister lets be gone.

Sir Will. All the Sins I ever shall commit will fall upon you, I shall run mad, stark mad, most furiously mad.

Euge. What madder than you have been ?

Sir Will. My former life will be thought an Anchorets to what will follow, if you refuse me. I am resolv'd to use all the ways that e're were try'd to gain a woman, — and did the world depend on me, I'd ruin all before I'd lose you.

Clara. Oh fearful, I dare not hear him any longer.

Eugen. Softly good Sir, he that dares make love to me must undergo a Task too hard for you.

Sir Will. Name it, there's nothing too hard for such a Lover.

Eug. I must have my weekly Tribute of Sonnet and Madrigal, full of sacred, divine, Nymph and Goddesses.

Sir Will. It shall be done.

Eug. And my daily offering of humble, and disconsolate billets d'oux about the Lustre of my Beauty, the light of my Eyes, &c.

Sir Will. And this.

Eug.

Eugen. I must have all former women sacrific'd to me, and he must not dare to look upon another besides me.

Sir Will. All all, if I had ten thousand.

Eugen. All lewd Company must be deserted, and Wine abolished save three Glasses at a meal, and he must be the pattern of Vertue for the whole Town, consider now, and tremble.

Sir Will. All this shall be done, I have considered, and will consider no more, nor think, nor live any longer than I shall call *Eugenia* mine.

Enter Lady Maggot, Wildfire and Priscilla.

La Mag. Oh Heaven they are here with my Nephew, the lewdest wretch that ever breath'd this wicked air, but hold!

Clara. What delicate man is this? He is a most surprizing creature, Heav'n! would I had not seen him!

Clara looking about, spies Wildfire first.

Wild. What Angel's this? I ne'r saw Beauty till this minute. She has struck me under the left Pap.

Clara. Oh my Mother.

La Mag. Do you start you Raggages? were it not in the Park, I'd make you such Examples of my Rage—come along—I'll rout you out of this place. Go, go packing through St. James's house: I'll bring up the Rear. Follow 'em you old Gipsy, Governess. Nephew how dare you commit this outrage, this insolence upon me! Avoid my presence, and never more come near me or my house.

Wild. This new Beauty has fir'd me, and blown me up.

Sir Will. Look thee, my Termagant, Masculine, He-Aunt, if thou usest me or my Cousins thus, I will scowre, and roar thee out of *Soho-Square* into *Mark-lane* again: And that will break thy heart.

La Mag. I will consider of that. Sir, if you please let me still hold the honour of your company; haste, haste.

To Wildfire.

Wild. Why how now Tom!

Sir Will. Peace Will peace, I'll keep my time: [*Ex. Wild. and Lady Mag.*]

Tope. What a Devil has Tom *Wildfire* taken up my Aunt? *Enter Tope.*

Tope. How now Knight Errant, have you done adventuring for Surgeons work? 'tis almost Dinner time, I long for Brimmers, did you see who went off with your Aunt! is she given to stumble? will she take a stone in her Ear?

Sir Will. She comes of a good strain by the Males, but come along with me we'll make 'em a visit, what Rogues are these? [*Enter Whac. Ding. and Bluff.*]

They have dog'd and star'd at us ever since we came into the Park, one looks like a tawdry Spark of the City, and the other two like Bayliffs followers.

Whac. Sir, I understand Sir, that you are Sir *William Rant*, Sir.

Sir Will. I am, w'at then?

Whac. Nay no offence, my name is *Tim Whacum*, Alderman *Whacum* Son deceased, and Alderman *Maggot* your Uncle in laws Nephew.

Sir Will. It may be so.

Tope. What would this Puppy be at?

Whac. I have seen your Person before, and admir'd you, I have seen you scower so rarely, Sir I have had a mighty Ambition for the honour of your acquaintance;

quaintance ; For my part Sir, I am a very mad Fellow as any wears a head, and I conceive Sir you love a mad Fellow.

Sir Will. A very pleasant Rascal.

Whac. I have heard Sir, that you delight much in drinking, whoring, scowring, beating the Watch, breaking Windows and serenading, and the like Sir.

Sir Will. Was there ever such an awkward Rogue, to make a man out of love with Lewdness

Whac. Now if there be madder Fellows about the Town than I, and my two Companions——Why we have been bound over to the Sessions three times this week. I suppose you may have heard of our roaring about *Holbourn, Fetter-lane, Salisbury court, &c.*

Sir Will. Yes I have Sir, and you are most gallant, and magnanimous Fellows. Now all's out *Jack Tope*, we will so swinge these Rogues, Here's a Fellow of this Nuncles breeding.

Whac. Now good noble Sir if you please to honour us with your Acquaintance, I vow to Gad Sir, I shall be as proud Sir, as proud Sir as ——

Sir Will. Sir 'tis much to my Advantage, and I embrace the honour most greedily.

Whac. Well here's the finest Gentleman that ever beat a Constable, let him be whom he will ; Sir, Sir I am most infinitely overjoy'd, be pleas'd to know my Friends, Godsookes, they are as gallant Fellows as ever walk'd the streets at Midnight.

Sir Will. Your Servant Gentlemen.

Ding. Your most obsequious Spaniel.

Bluff. Your most humble Trout.

Tope. Trout ! Pox on him for a Blockhead, is that Fellow a Trout ?

Sir Will. Be pleas'd to know my Friend.

Whac. Sir I am no Stranger to your Worth, and Magnanimity ; now noble Sir if you, and your Gang will compleat this Honour, and sup with us to night at the Bear and Harrow, behind *St. Clements*, where we intend to begin our Frolick ; it may be Sir you may see scowring that will not be amiss.

Sir Will. We will, be sure to bespeak a good Supper.

Whac. Damme I am overjoy'd Sir, if we joyn together we'll carry all the Town before us, your Servant sweet Sir, I'll be sure to bespeak Supper, do you love a huge Shoulder of Mutton and Oysters, and a couple of fat Capons in the first place.

Sir Will. Aye aye, very well : at Eight let it be.

Whac. Come *Dingboy* and *Bluffer*, I am transported, I have much ado to forbear Huzzaing in the Mall. *Exit Whacum, Bluffer and Dingboy.*

Tope. Did you ever meet such nauseous Rascals, they will convert more than the drunken *Spartan* Slaves.

Sir Will. Whett thy Rage and let us make examples of 'em, now will I teaze my haughty Aunt, and confound my foolish Uncle. *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Wildf. La. Mag. Eugenia, Clara, Priscilla.

L. Mag. SO, you young Rebellious Sluts, I have you safe; I'll teach you to go to the Park.

Eugen. So you do, by your own example.

L. Mag. Yes, Hufwife, I am experienced, and proof against temptation, by my known Vertue and Wisdom.

Clara. And we doubt not but our unknown Vertue and Wisdom, as you call it, will defend us too.

L. Mag. How now, Mrs. Milkop, are you grown pert and refractory?

Prisc. She, she is as bad as t'other every whit.

L. Mag. There's none so bad as thee, old puss. Thou filthy, toothless, wormeaten old Maid, I'll maul thee, thou Witch of *Endor*. [*She beats and*

Prisc. Murther, Murther, Murther, will you throttle me?

[*She beats and*

Wildf. I cannot live without my pretty Creature: What charms are these?

What do I feel?

Clara. Oh Sister, the sight of this man has ruin'd me; I never shall recover it.

Eugen. Ah! art thou there faith, recover it: Why, who would put a stop to love? Give Reins to it, and let it run away with thee.

L. Mag. Oh! prodigious and amazing! Did they say all this?

Prisc. Yes, that they did, and ten times more: So they did, what would you have me do? They said they would throw off your Tyranny, and have no more to do with you.

L. Mag. Oh, Heaven! Is this true? Did you say so, young Rebels?

Eugen. Yes, and are resolv'd to do so. Sister, take courage, and speak thy mind.

Clara. We were not made to be mew'd up like the Hawks in moulting time.

Eugen. We were born free, and we'll preserve that freedom; we have learn'd more Wit than to call Self-defence Rebellion.

Wildf. Brave mettled Girls; I grow mad in Love, and 'twill break out into a flame. [*Aside.*

L. Mag. Most amazing impudent Girls; I'll tear your eyes out.

Eugen. Offer to use us thus one moment longer, and I will choose my Uncle Rant my Guardian.

Clara. And I am resolv'd to do the same.

L. Mag. Most incredible impudence, let me come at 'em.

Wildf.

Wildf. I beseech your Ladyship. [He takes *Eugenia* and *Clara* by the hands: If you be unkind as you are fair, I am for ever miserable. [Privately to *Clara*.

Clara. Heav'n! what do I hear!

L. Mag. Sir, I humbly demand your pardon; I must confess, the disorders of my Family have transported me into an indecent passion, which a Lady of my Quality should not have exposed to a person so gallant and well-bred as your self.

Wildf. Pardon me, Madam.

L. Mag. But you shall find, Noble Sir, that she who can to extravagance be sensible of affronts and injuries, can with as much zeal and ardency, resent the generous favour you have loaded her with.

Wildf. Madam, you make me blush with —

L. Mag. And I'll assure you, Sir, there is not a person living, who can be more grateful to a person, that obliges any person, than I shall show my self to your Noble Person.

Eugen. Hey: What Riddle's this?

Clara. Oh, *Eugenia*, pity me: I am ruin'd! lost to all the World!

Eugen. But to him, and him, and only him.

L. Mag. You young Rebellious Sluts, go to your Chamber, I'll come to you and discourse these matters calmly with you.

Eugen. We'll obey.

[*Exeunt Eugenia and Clara*.

L. Mag. You *Cecropia*, when they are in their Chamber lock the Door upon them, and keep the Key, or I will strangle thee, thou old wither'd she Baboon.

Prisc. Hey ho, hey ho, what shall I say, what shall I do! *Exit Prisc.*

Wildf. I am finely drawn in? Must I come at the Daughter by the Mother? my Conscience ne'r will serve me, that's certain: She's furious too, what the Devil shall I do to keep her off; I'll try great civility and respect to her.

L. Mag. Now noble Sir, I beseech you please to retire where we shall have a fitter place and opportunity more apt to express my grateful resentments.

Wildf. For Heavens sake, Madam, put not a value upon nothing; you have those charms, those graces, and that wit and beauty, that all the services of my life would be too little to express the passion which I have for you.

L. Mag. Oh Lord, Sir, for me! a person that — I beseech you Sir let us retire, since I have something to impart to you, in which I willingly would not meet an interruption.

Wildf. I am yours, and only yours.

Ex. Wildf. and Lady.

Enter Priscilla.

Prisc. So now they are sure, I have 'em under Lock and Key, I warrant 'em.

Enter Sir Humphry Maggot, Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Sir Humpb. How now old *Prisc.* Where is my Lady?

Prisc. With a Gentleman who came to visit her, in her Chamber; he is a stranger, I know him not. But I'll take care she shall not be surpriz'd: *Aside.*

Sir Hump. Tell her I am here, bid 'em hasten dinner and bid the Butler bring some Hock for a whet; we in the City can't eat without several whets in a forenoon.

Whach. I whet so often when I am there, that at last 'tis a blunt.

Sir

Sir Humph. Well said Nephew, you shall see your Mistress presently.

Enter Butler with a Bottle.

Come, here fill a Glass. May I crave your names again, Gentlemen.

Bluster. Mine is *Bluster*.

Dingboy. And mine is *Dingboy*.

Sir Humph. Brave names for bold pleaders at the Bar.

Whack. They plead at the Bar! ha, ha, ha: They may hold up their hands there, but never hold up a breviate to point at a Judge with. *Aside.*

Sir Humph. Come Nephew all of us chockon, chockon, to an absent friend, ha, hum; you know—no more to be said. *They clasp their Glasses.*

Whack. Blust. Ding. With all our hearts.

Sir Humph. Well, things will come about again. Let me tell you, we shall be upon a right bottom once more.

Blust. I am glad to hear you say so: Your Worship's a wise man.

Whack. As wears a Head in the City.

Ding. As wears a pair of Horns there. *Aside.*

Sir Humph. Look you, the King of France will have the greatest Fleet in the World at the Needles by February.

Whack. But those French do so burn Houses, Churches, Barns, Men, Women and Children, that I am afraid they'll do a great deal of hurt.

Sir Humph. Ay that's to their Enemies, but they are our Friends, Did not the Grand *Lewis* declare so? and that he lov'd the Church? by that brave and gallant Person, our Friend Admiral *Bagnio*.

Whack. Oh ay, all he does is out of kindness to us, and the sincere Friendship he has for his Kindred, I'll tell you, but we say here that, the *Turks* are beaten:

Sir Humph. Pish not a word, alas we never have any Truth, a worthy *Roman* Catholick whom I rely upon, told me that this same Duke of *Croy* lost his whole Army, and ran away by himself to the Emperour, and the *Turks* are now in possession of that Bridge and Town, and County of what do you call 'em, of *Essex* in *Moldavia*, and *Teckley* and the great *Bashaw* have coop'd up the *German* Army. Give us another Whett.

Whack. Come on.

Sir Humph. Here's to the *Turk*, the *Pope*, and King of *France*, we are of one side now.

Blust. & Ding. Come on.

Sir Humph. We hear all Lyes: I warrant you think *Cork* and *Kinsale* are taken, No no no, not a word; but come we shall have my Wife or some body come to interrupt us, let's retire into my smoaking Room, and we'll discourse freely of these affairs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Maggot and Wildfire.

Wild. Oh Madam the great Tendernefs I have for Ladyships honour, chills my blood.

Lady Magg. 'Tis generously spoken most noble Sir, though I am perfect mistress of my own house.

Wild.

Will. Oh Madam the danger affrights me from the chief happiness: I wish on earth never man had such a passion as I have for her Daughter, *aside.*

Lady Mag. So generous a passion, I cannot but think an honour to me, but I must have all go in the Platonick way henceforth. I shall make bold to call you my *Sirephon*, and I beseech you to accept of this Ring.

Will. Dear Madam you confound me.

Lady Mag. Dear Sir it must not be refused, I vow'd never to part with it but as a pledge of my affection, and you being the worthiest Gentleman I ever saw.

Will. You undo me with your Favours; this may be of use as I will make it. *aside.* I long to have the honour of your Ladyships conversation at my house, where I may fully express the violent passion I have.

Lady Mag. Sweet Sir! (*A Flourish of Fiddles.*) Ha what noise is that? some Rogues, Fiddlers are come to welcome my Daughters to Town; I'll leave you for a moment Sir to see if they be safe. *Exit Lady Maggot.*

Will. What a prize would this be to a young Fellow, who wanted a keeper, who can part with such a Ring for a bare promise, which I am sure I ne'er will keep. *Enter Sir William Rant.*

Sir Will. VVhat is there no body in the house? hah *Tom* what will nothing serve you but my Family, but she is by the half blood.

Will. Upon my honour *Will.* thou art in the wrong, I have no design upon thy Aunts person, but I hope to make her my instrument for stealing one of her Daughters persons.

Sir Will. How, one of her Daughters!

Will. You know I have a good clear Estate, I saw your two Cousins by accident, and am so devillishly in Love with one of 'em, that I am resolv'd if I can, even to marry her for one good night, though I were sure to be hang'd next Morning.

Sir Will. As for the honour of my Aunt, lye with her when you will, and I'll be no more concerned than other Sparks about the Town are for their Sisters; but for my Cousins know I am in love to greater madness with one of 'em, and if yours happens to be her, I am sure that both of us shall not live.

Will. Thou knowest *Will.* I am not capable of fear, if it be my fate to be in Love with the same, I can bewayl it, but can never alter.

Sir Will. Keep me in doubt no longer, in this case a short clearing of the matter's best.

Will. You are in the right, and it must out, it is ———

Sir Will. Which.

Will. The youngest.

Sir Will. My dear-dear *Tommy*, let me hug and kiss thee; go on and prosper, I'll assist thee. *Enter Lady Maggot.*

La. Mag. Mercy on me, who's here! are they such dear friends? What will become of me! Yet sure he's a man of Honour; he has too fast hold on me, and 'tis too late to retreat.

Sir Will. Oh my sweet, my honour'd Aunt, your humble servant; it is a common blockheaded trick to serenade and disturb people at midnight, I am come

come to serenade you at Noon, and have ordered my dinner to come hither
I come a house-warming.

La Mag. Unheard of Impudence, thou most audacious Fellow, thou only blemish of our Family, did I not forbid thee my house? must thou bring Infamy where it never entred.

Sir Will. Look thee Aunt, if thou wilt be civil and well bred, I will kiss thy Hand, make Legs and use thee like an Aunt, but if wars must ensue, I will roar and scowre thy house so, that thou mightest lye as quietly in a besieged Town, with Bombs and Carcasses flying about thy Lodging.

Lady Mag. Avaunt thou Devil incarnate, I'll order thee.

Sir Will. Nay then, enter my Friend *Jack Tope*, all my Singers, and Fiddles, and my whole Equipage *De boyre*.

Wild. Fear not your person, I'll protect it.

La Mag. You shall not expose your own for it, most generous Sir, I'll order him, lewd wretch.

Sir Will. Come, enter. *Enter Tope, Sir Williams Servants and Musicians.*

Lady Magg. Help, help, here Mr. Alderman, Mr. Maggot.

Sir Will. Strike up my Lads.

They all roar and sing and play the Tune of, Let the Soldiers rejoyce.

Tope. Come on my Boys, halloo.

Come Lady give me thy hand, dance and frisk about.

Lady Mag. Hang the old Coxcomb, Hold, hold, hold, Mr. Maggot, Mr. Maggot. *Enter Sir Hump. Whac, Blust. Ding. & Butler, with other Servants.*

Sir Hum. Hah, Gad forgive me, who are here?

Sir Will. Oh honest Alderman, now Nuncle, i' faith we are come to roar a little with thee, and we have ordered our Dinner, we come a house-warming.

Lady Mag. Oh thou tame Beast, wilt thou hear them speak? make a Warrant and send them to the Gatehouse, or Newgate.

Sir Hump. Oh Nephew have a care of him, let's retire.

Sir Will. Look you Mr. Alderman, I have secured the Pass, If you will be a good towardly Uncle and take advice by me, it shall be most profound peace, and great Civility, but if you will provoke me, I'll make you spend your time very uneasily.

VVbac. Oh rare, *Bluster and Dingboy*, here will be gallant sport, to our Hearts desire.

La. Mag. Oh pitiful Nincompoop, what dost fear him?

Sir Hump. Good Chicken, have a little patience.

Tope. Consider Madam, patience is a great vertue for a Lady of your years.

Lady Mag. My years, I spit at thee thou old musty Rascal, my years? Oh thou cowardly Wittal, is thy wise Nephew a coward too: I will thunder in their ears.

Sir Hump. Nay let thee alone thou art a notable Girl.

La. Mag. Begone you Villains, lewd Rascals.

Sir VVill. Strike up, out noise her! *They roar, and sing, and play, and leap*

La. Mag. Ruffians, Vagabonds, Ragemuffians, *about, and so do Whackum,*
Slaves, Dogs, Scoundrels, hold, hold, hold. *Bluster and Dingboy.*

Sir Will. Hold, hold, shall we come to Articles of Peace?

Sir Will. Oh Gallant! Oh rare sport! by Gad they are the finest Gentlemen in Christendome.

Sir Hump. Mercy on me Nephew, did you sing and rejoyce with them.

VVbach. Gad take me Sir, 'tis such a pretty Tune, flesh and blood could not forbear.

Tope. Alderman, I will swinge thee with brimmers, and make thy old mouldy Aldermanship, more drunk than ever any of the huzzaing, roaring, loyal Rascals were, who would have given up the City Charter.

WWild. I beseech you Madam, dissemble a little patience, they shall give a severe account upon my honour.

La. Mag. Well you have silenc'd me, and in some measure appeased me since you say you intend only a civil Musick Confort and a Dance, what would you more, I am tame.

Sir Will. I must have both my Cousins, it is my intention to welcome them to Town.

Lady Mag. Out of my house, you shall be hang'd first, bring Infamy upon them, they are far enough off.

Sir Will. *Ralph* secure the passes, and let no body out, send for my precise house-keeper, and instruct her as I bid thee.

Ralph. Yes, I must do it.

Sir Will. Come my Lads march and roar, I will search every Room in the house, but I will have her.

Ex. Sir William and Fiddles, &c.

La. Mag. Oh thou sneaking old Fumbling Fool! get thou out thou Coward, Maggot, Insect, Nittworm.

Sir Hump. Why Chicken, chicken, chicken.

La. Mag. Get thee out I say, and send for a Constable, and send them to Jail.

She beats him out.

WWildf. Come along Madam, I'll protect you, and appease them, put on a little patience, and I'll warrant you all shall be well. [*Exeunt Wild. and Lady.*]

VVbac. Huzza my dear Rascals! Here's a day! here's a happy day! Let's hugg and kiss one another, oh my brave Midnight-boys, what a night shall we have with this rare, this excellent, this most accomplish'd Gentleman! Oh I could kiss the ground he goes upon.

Bluff. Now we are leagu'd, we'll govern all the Town by night.

Ding. We shall be stil'd the High and Mighty Princes of the night.

VVbac. Shall our dull Loggerheaded Magistrates think to rule the City, with old decrepid Fools in Rug-gowns, and Furr'd Caps, no let them govern by day, but Gad take me, we honest Fellows will swagger by Night, Boys, Ha Rogues, have at them, hey.

Exit Alderman.

Sir Hump. What shall I do? Look, my Nephew and his Companions rejoyce as much as any of 'em.

VVbach. Hold; my Uncle!

to them.

Sir Hump. Students of the Law, quoth he! Rakehells damnd Rakehells, pray come and retire with me.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Sir Will. Eug. Clara, Lady Mag. Wild. Tope. All the Musick and Servants, singing and roaring, &c.

Sir Will. Madam this is to save the trouble of a *Habeas Corpus*, to free my Cousins from illegal Imprisonment.

Lady Mag. to Wild. Well I will have patience Sir, but to morrow into the Country they go, and shall never come into this wicked Town, till their Husbands shall think fit to bring 'em.

Wild. You will do well.

but I shall take care to prevent you.

[to her.
aside.

Tope. We Knights Errant, Lady, are bound by our noble order to succour distressed Damfels, and free them from enchanted Castles, and to smale Gyants, and more fell creatures, your Viragos Madam, your Viragos, hah.

Sir Will. Now my pretty sweet Cousins, let me have the honour to entertain you with Musick, as your welcome to Town, this is a Forenoon Serenade.

Eug. Sir 'tis a favour we must think our selves obliged for, after Bag-pipers, blind Harpers, and Country old-fashion'd Virginal Masters.

Clara. And which is worse than all, the full cry of a country Cathedral.

Lady Mag. Very well, very well Baggages, I'll order you.

aside.

Let 'em begin Sir William.

Sir Will. Now you are my good Aunt, I love and honour you, now I have brought you to reason, come Gentlemen begin.

Tope. Where's my Alderman? my dear Alderman? I must have him here, I will fetch him in.

Exit Tope.

Re-enter with the Alderman Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

Wildf. If you do not contrive suddenly, to get your Aunt out of the way for a moment, that I may speak to my Mistress, I am utterly ruin'd. Ill tell you the Reason.

Sir Will. I warrant you, after the dance expect I have a way.

Musick.

Eug. 'Tis admirable Musick.

A Song.

Clara. And well performed.

Sir Hump. I charge you Nephew, avoid this Company, as you would Bears or Tygers.

Whach. Avoid 'em, no I'll hang first, good Nuncle, I intend to throw off your Yoke immediately, our scowring cannot be long conceal'd.

Tope. Pox I hate these melancholy, foolish, love Madrigals, with damn'd imitation of the *Italians* quavering and division, one Jolly drinking Song, is worth a thousand, you shall let me have my Frolick, sing me a *Chanson de boire*.

A drinking Song.

Hah this is right, I

Gad there's some mettall in this, a Pox of *Phillis* and *Cloris*, this is my Frolick.

Sir Will. 'Tis very well *Jack*, now strike up for a Dance, and by that time Dinner will enter.

Tope. Come along my Lads, hem, hem, now Madam you shall see who's old, I will be Master of the Revels, and couple ye, here Alderman you shall dance with my Lady, no parting Man and Wife, ne'r dispute, Gad it shall be so: Here *Will* here's a Lady for you.

He gives him Eugenia.

Tom Wildfire here's a Lady for you.

gives him Clara.

And

And for my self, I have a pretty young Jade in my Eye, here come out, come I say, I'll seague thee away i' faith, strike up, strike up, men of Rosin, Old ! Gad take me, I'll see who's old now.

Sir VWill. Why thou art a Youth, a Lad *Jack* in thy prime.

Lady Mag. Oh thou old fumbling cowardly Fellow to bear all this, I'll order thee, Old Numps.

Sir Hump. Gad forgive me, what a sad life shall I live-with ? Chicken.

Tope. Strike up again.

VVbac. VVhat a Pox they make nothing of me, but I'll make something of my self, they shall find.

They dance, VVhacum jumps and struts, and dances awkwardly with them.

Dance.

Sir VWill. Now *Tom* watch, my Lady will follow me: Madam I beg the Honour of one word in the next Room. [*Sir VWill. draws Eug: to the next Room.*

Eug. I will if it be only to tease my Mother.

Tope. Come my little Rogue, let us retire, Alderman I will lye with thy Maid, and make thee drunk, and that will be a good days work.

Sir Humpb. Go you are a VVag, i' faith you are.

Lady Mag. Oh Impudence ! My vile Nephew run away with my Daughter, along with me old Fool, with your Nephew and his Friends, come, come.

Sir Hump. Well Chicken well, come along Nephew and Students.

Exeunt Lady, Sir Humphry, Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy.

VVild. Madam your opportunities are so few, and like to be fewer, that it were an unpardonable sin to let one slip, your mother intends to send you into the Country by violence to morrow morning, you see Madam I dare not address to you before her.

Clara. Sir you oblige me in this notice, but my Sister and we will prevent it.

VVildf. I humbly beg the honour of serving you, never man had such a passion as you have raised in me, a flame will ruine and destroy me, your Person nothing can deserve, but my Estate is plentiful without incumbrance.

Clara. Pardon me Sir, that I am so free with you, you are a wild man of the Town, and I would as soon commit my self to the Mercy of the Sea, in a storm, as into your Hands.

VVild. I should not presume to be thus daring to mention love, at first encounter, but that the difficulty is like to be so great of seeing you ; and I must let you know it, if you refuse me, I must perish, and I dare prophesy you'll be unfortunate.

Enter Priscilla, and Exit presently.

Pris. Are you at that sport, this shall to my Lady.

Clara. 'Tis better to be unfortunate than foolish.

Wildf. Whatever I have been, the world shall never make me wild again unless your scorn should make me desperate, and then what fury it may drive me to I know not.

Clara. Nor have I reason to be concern'd, 'twill be no fault of mine. Why does the custom of our foolish Sex oblige us to lying, I see no prospect of any thing but ruine ; I am resolv'd never to joyn my self to Lewdness, and yet his Person charms me into madness, oh misfortune !

She weeps.
Wildf.

Wildf. I shall wish all the world except your self, on fire ! if you despise me.

Enter Whachum sneakingly.

Curse on this Rascal, I could willingly cut his throat.

Whac. Madam your most obedient Servant. Sir under the Rose she is my Mistress.

Wildf. Damnation on this Loggerhead.

Whac. I'll tell you in your ear her Father has made a match for me and her, and I am to give her Mother 5000*l.* for her, ha, hum.

Wildf. 'Tis very well.

Whac. Ay but you are a man of honour, to tell you truth I am for the Eldest, she loves a mad Fellow like me.

Wildf. Now Madam consider, your Father in Law has made a match, and your Mother has sold you for 5000*l.* to this Puppy, but he says he is for the Eldest, she loves a mad Fellow like him.

Whac. Sir, let me tell you, 'tis somewhat uncivil to tell words that I spoke under the Rose, I trusted to the Faith of a gallant Scowrer.

Wildf. Thou art a mighty thick skull'd Coxcomb, and I have a great Temptation to tweak thee by the Nose.

Whac. Gad save me he is a very gallant Gentleman.

Enter L. Maggot baling in Eugenia by the Hand, Sir Will. and Prisc. follows.

Lady Mag. Oh outrageous Impudence ! You steal one Daughter out of my presence, and another makes love to her I left, I'll blow up the house before I'll bear this.

Wildf. spying my Lady. Prithee come on your self, you sneaking City wit and make love to your Mistress your self, do you think to put me upon it.

Whac. What a Devil do's he mean.

aside.

Wild. You are the bashfullest Fop, I ever saw, prithee stand up, hold up your head, and speak your mind. Oh Madam I humbly kiss your Ladyships hands, your Kinsman here has been putting me upon saying fine things for him.

Lady Mag. I am overjoy'd to find you the same man of honour I thought you, but my Nephew Sir William—

Wildf. Madam, I never keep him Company.

Enter Tope, Alderman, Bluster and Dingboy.

Tope. Come on my Lads, all you that are not given to mornings draughts rejoyce, enter Dinner in state, come in Fiddles, I am Sewer and will march in the head of it. Enter Venison, Turbott, Calvert Salmon and the rest ; and let the lusty Bearers of the swinging Hamper come, do you Friends bring up the Rear.

Lady Mag. Well I will dissemble, till I get these Rascals out of my house. *aside.*

Whac. Oh my dear Rogue here will be sport, here will be a glorious day ! *Bluster and Dingboy* that old Gentleman is a very pretty Gentleman !

Tope. Now strike up and march along Boys.

They march out with Dinner, singing and roaring, and old Tope in the head of them.

A C T IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I

Enter Eugenia, Clara, in their Chamber.

Euge. **H**ERE will be fine work to day, the Alderman will by typsy'd as he calls it, my Lady-mother will be outrageous; but it seems she intends us for the Country to morrow.

Clara. And has sold me for 5000*l.* to the Aldermans most impertinent Nephew.

Euge. And no doubt has made as good a bargain for me, but we will defeat her Ladiship: And for that end I withdrew with thee to consult about our Deliverance.

Clara. I have no prospect of Deliverance, let me stay here, or go into the Country, I must be for ever miserable; I am in love to madness, to utter madness.

Euge. No sure it cannot be, did not I hear a certain young Lady say, she would not fall in love with a wild man of the Town, tho he could joynure her with the *East Indies*.

Clara. Oh *Eugenia*! 'tis against my will, I sooner would have chosen to have been blasted with Lightning: Love struck as fiercely through my heart, and as little could I resist it: But prithee do not triumph over my Misfortune.

Euge. Misfortune: why Loves the greatest blessing upon Earth, Life is nothing but a Shadow, Love is the Substance: Methinks I should be nothing but a moving clod without it: Besides he loves thee as furiously too, what wouldst thou have?

Clara. Not him of all the world.

Euge. Nor I the other, till I see a full Reformation in his Life, and Manners; If they think us worth that, they will soon shew the change, if they do not, sure we shall have the sense to think them not worthy of us.

Clara. These wild young men, like Tinder soon take Fire, and as soon 'tis out again; they'll never change, nor has Love left me any sence but of my Misery—

Euge. Poor *Clara*! What dost weep? poor Girl, thou art a Maudlin Lover; This comes, of Romances: I could never wean thee from 'em, for my part I am resolv'd to keep up my Spirit, come what will.

Clara. Prithee do not laugh at me, to be a Jest is the vilest, and most miserable of Conditions.

Euge. And that thou wilt deserve, if thou wilt not do any thing towards thy own Freedom, thou art like those unreasonable craven Fellows that would do nothing towards the Deliverance of *England*, and yet would have all the benefit

benefit of the change, may would keep those that did, out of the 'Government'.

Clara. Prithee don't draw a Simile upon me, I am resolv'd to do any thing Reason or Honour will allow.

Euge. In the first place, you resolve to choose my Uncle *Ram* your Guardian.

Clara. I do.

Euge. Secondly to be rul'd by him, he is a just, vertuous and honourable man, and of great Humanity.

Clara. I will wholly resign my self to him.

Euge. Thirdly and lastly, thou wilt take the first opportunity of honourably, and prudently running away.

Clara. I will.

Euge. Thy hand upon't.

Clara. Done.

Eug. Now let my brain work, what has our Jaylor been at the Door?

Clara. 'Twas very silently. *Pris. unlocks the Door, and lets in Whachum.*

Euge. Are you there old Mrs Turnkey?

Pris. Yes, and you are like to be there, I can tell you, while I am so.

Whach. Ladies I am your most humble Footstool to command, we have had a smart bout on't with these Gallants, to say the Truth on't, they are as fine Gentlemen as e're the Sun shain'd on.

Eug. But how came you, to enter here, sweet Sir?

Whac. Sweet Sir! good. *aside.* By your Lady Mothers Command dear sweet Madam, I have an affair to communicate to you, Madam *Eugenia*! But it must be in private, your Ear sweet Madam.

Clara. You need not whisper, I'll into the Closet.

Whach. Now Madam, Cozen, if I may be so bold, but I hope to be nearer of Kin to you.

Eug. What you have bought my Sister for 5000*l.* I hear?

Whach. Yes that I have of your Lady Mother, but as Gad save me I think my Lady's too dear, she is a very *Few*, she has no Conscience, and to tell you the Truth Madam, as I am an honest man, betwixt you and I, I don't like the bargain, I had rather buy you Gold to Silver.

Eug. To tell you Truth, I don't like that bargain.

Whac. You are a Wag Madam, but I am for your aery, brisk, gay, wild, young Filly, such as you are, there's your Lady for my Money; and if you will be rul'd by me, we'll save the 5000*l.* and mump my Lady, Faith what say you? hah hum.

Eug. My Lady shall have no 5000*l.* there I'll be rul'd by you.

Whac. Sweet Madam, I kiss your hands, Come, come, I know your heart; as well as if I were in you, as the saying is, come you love a brave mad Fellow, such as I am, Sniggs, I am one of the maddest Fellows about the Town, I sing, roar, serenade, bluster, break Windows, demolish Bawdy-houses, beat Bawds, scower the Streets, and the like, as well as any he that swaggers in the Town, ha Lady.

Eug. A very pretty ingenious Fellow.

aside.

Whac.

Whac. Ay Madam, I am all Frolick, how many Knockers of Doors do you think I have at home now, that I twisted off when I scower'd, guess now;

Eug. 'Tis impossible to guess.

Whac. Why above two Hundred, ha hum, is not that very well? O my Conscience this morning I beat 20 Higling women! spread their Butter about the Kennel, broke all their Eggs, let their sucking Pigs loose, flung down all the Peds with Pippins about the streets, scower'd like Lightning, and kick'd fellows like Thunder, ha, ha, ha.

Eug. Very well.

Whac. Ay wast not, ha, ha, ha; I wip'd out all the Milk Scores at the Doors, nay I went about serenading with six Fiddlers in a Dung-cart. Ha, ha, there was a Frolick, ha, ha, there's a mad fellow for you, and you talk of a mad Fellow; 'tis true Sir William and his Companions are pretty men, very pretty men: But I would you saw me scower.

Eug. You a mad Fellow, and talk of scowring! why don't you break open the door, and beat our old sawcy Governess for locking us up?

Whac. Ha, now you put me in mind of it, I vow and swear I'll do't presently, for I love and honour you, and if you don't look upon me, I shall hang my self.

Eug. No no, but you are in a pretty fair way for another to do it for you.

Whac. Well Madam, but I'll show you what a mad Fellow I am, this Night I'll scower Soho Square, I gad you shall see such scowring, 'twill rejoyce your heart.

Eug. Can you drink hard?

Whac. Oh bloodily, if you could but see me at the *Popes-head*, no merry gang can be without me, there I laugh, and roar, and sing and am exceeding witty, the purest Company! never stir, they swear I have more wit than any of the Poets.

Eug. That may very well be by the late Plays I have read, but all this while we are Prisoners.

Whac. Odfookers that's true. Here where are you, old damn'd old the Jay-lour? I'll break open the door.

He bounces at the Door.

Pris. What means this uproar.

Enter Priscilla.

Whac. Come on Mrs. Tawdry? Old Trigrimate? I will make thy dry bones rattle within the old tan'd Hide of thee; I'll swing thee, Mother Damnable! what dost thou lock up these pretty Ladies, Drab, Pole-cat.

Pris. Help, help, Murther, murther, oh you young Impudent Fellow, I'll tear out your Eyes.

He bales and turns her about, and kicks her, she flies at him and scratches him.

Whac. Why how now Hag! dost thou scratch?

Enter Clara.

Old Puss, thou art grown into a Cat already, and shortly wilt take the degree of a Witch upon thee, have at thee, do you provoke me you damn'd Puss?

Pris. Murther, murther, murther.

He bears her and she scratches him.

Enter Lady Maggot.

La. Mag. Heav'n and Earth! What outrage is this? Some trick of yours, you wicked Sluts.

Whac. Oh she has scratch'd and blooded me all over, for ought I know, I may lose the use of my Face.

Pris.

Prisc. O Madam he has call'd me filthy names, abus'd and beat and kick'd me, for locking these pert unruly Creatures up.

Lady Mag. Death you young Rascal! dare you abuse my faithful Servant for obliging me? you stupid Coxcomb, for keeping your Mistress from running away from that ugly Phiz of thine; get thee out of my house, I'll order thee for a City Puppy, be gone, be gone.

Whac. Hold hold, hold—was ever such a Vixen? hold! *She pummels him with her Fan, and* *Exit as he runs*

Lady Mag. Come Baggages you were of the party, come come, I'll endure these things no longer.

Euge. Nor we neither.

Lady Mag. How?

Clara. Nor will we be for a Country Journey to morrow.

Lady Mag. Will not?

Eug. & Clara. No, will not.

L. Mag. The World, this House, and my Brains, are turn'd topsy turvy. The plagues of this one day alone are able to distract me: *Priscilla*, thou hast done well, haste and lock 'em up again, I'll try a pluck with ye. *[Ex. La. and Prisc.]*

Prisc. I warrant 'em, I'll keep them safe.

Eugen. Let's into our Closet and consult, we will escape before our Country Journey yet. *[Exit Eugen. and Clara.]*

Enter Sir William and Wildfire.

Wildf. O Will, this Cousin of thine has so bewitch'd me, that I begin to hate lewdness already.

Sir Will. Faith, I have not such a relish for it, methinks, as I have had; but not a word to old *Tope*.

Wildf. When he finds us out, the Rogue will play the Tyrant most insolently.

Sir Will. He'll be worse to us two than *Doll Common* to Face and Subtile: But something must be done to deliver these pretty Rogues; to morrow, at Nine in the Morning, is short warning.

Wildf. Manage matters so, that we may appear Enemies when your Aunt comes to us; and that, with what I have already protested, will beget such confidence of me, that I'll undertake to secure her early in the morning.

Sir Will. I have laid a design, which I hope will take, to free them; but if Stratagem will not do't, Force shall.

Wildf. That may be dangerous, and hinder us for ever. Here she is, I assure you, Sir — *Enter La. Mag.*

You shall not carry this off, I pass'd my word to protect your Aunt, and I shall require a strict account of this affront you have put upon her.

Sir Will. What a Devil! Are you concern'd for the honour of my Aunt? What, do you lye with her?

Wildf. What say you, Sir?

[He offers to draw.]

Lady. Hold, hold; but thou filthy Fellow: Thou foul-mouth'd Brute: Thou very Spirit of Lewdness and Scandal: Shall I, who am most notorious for Vertue and Prudence to the whole Town, be blasted by thy Contagious breath.

Sir Will. Far be it from me to think such a thing; but I might justly, for your sake, suspect his Vanity. *F* *Lady*

La. Mag. He is a Man of Honour, and a Worthy Gentleman; I would I cou'd say that of thee. But, sweet Mr. *Wildfire*, if you should engage your self in a Quarrel for me, I should never enjoy my self while I lived.

Sir Will. No, Madam, I'll not engage with him; what, mine own Aunt! My dear Aunt! I love and honour thee.

L. Mag. Love and Honour thee, quoth he! Pray Love and Honour me, and civilly get out of my House.

Sir Will. I will; but by this hand I will Serenade and Scowre thee most confoundedly.

L. Mag. Sir, I must have your word not to Quarrel: You see what his lewd heart is apt to suggest, upon your beginning One, I shall suffer in my untainted Reputation, besides the exposing your dear person, will endanger my life.

Wildf. You are infinitely gracious. *Enter Tope leading the Alderman, drunk.*

Tope. Oh Madam are you there, here is your Alderman safe and sound, I deliver him to you, pray give me a note under your hand for the Receipt of him.

Sir Humpb. I sack Mr. *Tope* you are a Wag, ay I sack a very Wag.

Tope I could make as pretty a Magistrate of him, if I had but the breeding of him as ever slept upon a Bench yet, Old, Madam! *Jack Tope* old, Madam! hah.

Sir Hump. Oh Chicken, Chicken! my dear Chicken! I'll so mouse thee.

Lady Mag. Confusion of Babel! what has this day produc'd? I shall run mad, mad, staring mad. *aside*

Sir Hump. Why Chicken! I say, Chicken.

Lady Mag. Why Buzzard, I say Buzzard, get you gone you drunken Owl.

Tope. Nay Alderman, what are you a Flincher? does the Hen crow? come t'other Brimmer.

Lady Mag. Out on thee old Satan! thou vile Tempter! would'st thou most wickedly seduce a man from the Loyalty, and Obedience he owes to his lawful Sovereign wife.

Sir Hump. One brimmer dear Chicken, it shall be thy health, never stir I'll buss thee my pretty Chicken, I'll buss thee.

Lady Mag. Buss me, oh Insolence! get you out, I say, be gone, ha, what dare you stay?

Sir Humpb. Sweet Chicken, now do but hear me.

Lady Mag. How! Is it come to this? Nay then I'll make you go, do you Rebel? [*She strikes him with her Fan, and thrusts him out by the Nape of the Neck, and Exit.*]

Tope. Good, good, ha ha, good, hey brave Matrimony! oh rare Matrimony! Oh gallant Matrimony! Most comfortable Matrimony! Oh delicate Matrimony! Oh sweet Matrimony! Oh heavenly Matrimony! Where are you Flinchers? I have been fain to carry on the work of the day, you have been as dull as a couple of old gelt Matiffes.

Sir Will. Why, *Jack*, thou art the Hero of the Age.

Wild. There's not a Youth in Town comes near thee.

Tope. Hem, hem; Old said ye; hem, hem.

Enter

*Enter Ralph.**Ralph.* Sir, here's a Letter from your Father, came just now by the Post.*Sir Will.* Some wise advice again, I warrant; but how does my House-keeper, and the damn'd Governess agree?*Ralph.* The Old Dragon swallows Sack as greedily as a *Essex* Calf sucks Milk. She was called away once, but we are safe now, and hope to bring her to reason.*Wildf.* How are the rest of the Family?*Ralph.* All, every one, as drunk as ever you were Sir, except two Maids of my Ladies, *Whacum* and his two Friends are slept away; but *Whacum* had beaten the Governess, and she scratch'd him most wickedly before he went.*Sir Will.* Go about thy business.*Exit Ralph.*

Now what says Daddy?

*Sir William goes to the Candle and reads.**Reads.* I cannot tell how to express the sorrow I conceive for your obstinate persevering in such lewd courses—*Pish*, the old stuff over and over, I'll sacrifice thee to the flame: 'Tis better than being put under Pye-crust. [*He sets it on fire.* Hold, hold! What a Devil's here?*Reads.* I have ordered five hundred pound, which—*He puts it out again.* Gad I had made fine work on't indeed! *Which is to be paid to my Banker in Lombard-street, for some Uses of mine not to be dispenc'd with, and therefore am out of Money at this time.**Wildf.* This is pleasant *Jack*, it goes to't now.*Tope.* As sure as ever Martyr did in *Smithfield*.*Sir Will.* Paid away, quoth he? paid to a Banker? Oh plague of a Banker, go on, go on, burn in the Devils name, *He sets it on fire again.*

Ha! Death and Hell! what's this? I am undone, no 'tis legible.

*Puts it out again very hastily.**Reads.* *Tet I have sent you a bill for 250^l to receive, which you will find at the bottom of my Letter.* Ounds I am undone, hold, hold, O 'tis legible, Faith 'twas a narrow scape, 'twas just a going. *He puts it out again hastily.* This won't do, but thou art a good Dad, 'tis a pretty Stop Gap faith Lads, we'll have Dads health in a brimmer.*Tope.* In two *Will*, at least.*Wildf.* Thou art resolv'd to be a finish'd piece.*Tope.* I hate Owl-light, I would either be dead sober or dead drunk. I hate to have one keep a pother, to make me gamefome for another.*Sir Will.* Thou scorn'st to be an odious Trimmer in drink. But prithee *Jack*, what if we three should resolve once, to go to bed sober in a Frolick.*Wild.* Faith *Jack*, let us e'en try how it will agree with us.*Tope.* What a Pox do you mean? are you mad? stark mad? I go to bed sober! what to hear Chimes, Bell-men, and tell Clocks all night, and be Flea-bitten like a Nurse-Maid? I think the Devil's in you, what is this Fool in Love too?*Sir Will.* Ten times more than I.*Tope.* Why you brace of Baboons! what melancholy dull Puppies does Love make of Fellows? A Pox of your Love, Love! 'tis a silly boyish Disease, and

and should never come after the Chicken pox, and Kib'd heels.

Enter Lady Maggot.

Lady Mag Now Sir *William*, I hope you will be so civil to leave my House, and take that old Sinner with you.

Sir Will. Yes, Madam, and that young Sinner too.

Tope. Old sinner! Gad as good a sinner as your self.

Lady Mag. I must secure him for fear of a Quarrel.

Tope. Quarrel! No no, there shall be no quarrel; but we will have him along with us.

Willd. There is no remedy, but your Ladyship shall hear from me the first minute I can get loose from them, or free from their dogging.

Lady Mag. I shall either be at home, sweet Sir, or at my Lady *Wagtails*, at *Ombre*, within two doors.

Willd. This noble present of yours be the Token.

Sir Will. Farewel my most dearly beloved and highly honoured Aunt.

Tope. For serenading and scowering have at you sweet young Lady

Willd. Your most humble Servant Madam. [*Exeunt Sir Will. Tope and Willd.*]

Lady Mag. Your most obliged humble Servant, dear Sir! Oh he is the sweetest person, the most charming Creature: but for the other two, vengeance light on them; they have put me by the happiest opportunity. *Ex. Lady Mag.*

Enter Ralph and Sir Williams House-keeper Abigal, leading in Priscilla drunk.

Pris. Dear Cousin! I am heartily glad do'ee of your acquaintance, 'tis pure Sack, one cup more and then I stop, I would not be disguised for the world.

Ralph. Here sweet Madam, drink it off, it makes you look so lovely in my Eyes, I am ten times more enamour'd.

Pris. You are very obliging, sweet Sir.

Abigal. He will be an excellent Match, my Master has given him his Life in a brave Farm.

Pris. Alas, I marry! Nay not but I must confess, he is a pretty young man, &c.

Ralph. Humph, sweet Madam, t'other Cup I beseech you.

Pris. Ha, ha, ha, well, you have a strange way with you. *She drinks.*

Ralph. Oh let me kiss those pretty eyes!

Pris. Go get you gone you good natur'd Toad.

Abigal. But Cozen my master is resolv'd to increase your Fortune, that you shall live like a Gentlewoman, and he intends you 1000l.

Pris. Truly he is a fine Gentleman, and if I can with a safe Conscience, well, no more to be said. *She nods.*

Abig. I'll send you a divine.

Pris. No no, I can drink no more.

Abig. I'll send you a Divine to satisfy your Conscience.

Pris. No, not a drop more, good night, good night. *She falls fast asleep.*

Abig. Do you see now you simple Fellow, you have over-drunk her, and made her commit a great sin, and spoyl'd all.

Ralph. Old Nab thou art a Fool, I will pick her Pocket of the Key, and release

leave the Ladies, and leave them to their own Discretion: Ha this must be it;

[He picks the Key out of her Pocket]

Abig. Go go quickly, and I'll hasten home.

Ralph. And I to the *Bar* and *Harrow* after my master, where I doubt not but I shall venture a broken head at least.

Exeunt Ralph and Abigail.

Enter Mr. Rant, Father to Sir William, and his man Jasper.

Mr. Rant. What's the matter in this house? The Porter's drunk, and can't speak, no body to be seen about the house? Nothing but Chairs, Stools, Tables flung about, and every corner strew'd over with empty Bottles, I wish the house is not rob'd.

Jasper. Here's an old Gentlewoman in her Cups.

Mr. Rant. How, what confusion has been here? Some very extraordinary accident has been in this House, this is the Dragon employ'd to watch my Nieces. Go out and bring what Servants you can muster, Butler, under Butler, and Grooms, let us see if any one in the Family can speak.

Jasper. I will Sir.

Exit Jasper.

Mr. Rant. This looks as if my Son, and all his lewd Companions, had been here. My Sister's not at home, her Doors open, no body to give account of her, or her Husband, that I could see, what all drunk? where's my Lady?

Enter Butler and 4 or 5 Servants drunk and staggering; after them Mr. Rant's

Servant with my Ladies maid, Lettice.

But. We have been drinking, Helter Skelter, Faith!

1 Serv. Sir William Rant's the finest Gentleman.

But. Oh the bravest Gentleman! and his men the bravest Drinkers.

Mr. Rant. I thought none, but my profligate Son could have made such disorder and confusion any where.

1 Serv. A most brave Gallant! No more to be said.

Mr. Rant. Is there not one in the Family can speak?

Jasper. Yes Here's a young Gentlewoman pretty sober, but there are 8 or 10 men and boys drunk, roaring under Benches and upon the Floor, the house looks like a Field after a Battle, strew'd with Bodies.

Mr. Rant. Sweet-heart! what's the cause of all this?

Lett. Sir William Rant and his Companions came in here, roaring and singing with Fiddles at Noon, entertain'd us with Musick, very fine indeed, and we had a Dance.

Mr. Rant. Heaven! there is no hopes of Amendment.

Lett. At last march'd in a noble Dinner, and great Hampers of all sorts of wine, and there has been nothing but Roaring, and Drinking ever since, till just now. My Lady laid my master drunk upon the Bed, but he has made his escape. My Lady has been almost distracted.

But. Fly fly, my Lady will be outrageous.

Enter Lady Maggor.

Lady Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth! what's here? *Exeunt Servants.* What an image of Hell has this house been to day? Who's here my Brother?

Mr. Rant. Madam I knew I should surprise you, my coming to Town was very unexpected, and sudden.

Lady Mag. You find me Sir, in amazement and confusion, and I am troubled that.

that I must tell you, your wild Son after I had warn'd him my house, broke open my Doors, roar'd and swagger'd, and debauch'd all my Family.

Mr. Rant. Ah, Madam, I heard something before, and am infinitely sorry, his perseverance in this wicked life will break my heart, it cannot hold long.

Lady Mag. Oh Horror, Horror! *Priscilla* drunk, too! *Huswife*! *Huswife*! *She Pommels her.*
Priscilla speak.

Priscilla. I will drink no more, I tell you, I am sleepy.

Lady Mag. Mercy on me, where are my Daughters? They are flown, they are flown. Ha how came they here?

Enter Eug. Clara. Eug. kneels to Mr. Rant.

Mr. Rant. O dear pretty Ladies! your humble Servant, bless you my sweet God-daughter.

Lady Mag. How now Baggages, how came you out?

Eugen. A thousand welcomes to you most honour'd Uncle.

Clara. You never could have arrived so seasonably.

Mr. Rant. What mean my pretty Nieces?

L. Mag. I shall be distracted, ruin'd. O this fatal day! I am sorry, Sir, you must be witness of the further confusion in our Family; these wicked young Sluts have rebell'd against me, that I am forc'd to lock 'em up.

Eug. We do rebel against the Locking up.

Clara. And will dye before we will endure it.

Eug. And therefore are both resolv'd to choose you our Guardian: And never to disobey you, who we know to be a man of Honour.

Lady Mag. How they astonish me! All this mischief has your Son caus'd: Oh I shall grow mad.

Mr. Rant. Oh that Son lies heavy on me. My pretty Nieces, I should be glad to serve you, for your own sakes, and for my dear Brothers sake, tho by the second venter, he was a brave, and worthy man, an ornament of our Family. But I must by no means encourage disobedience to a Parent, or rob a mother of her Daughters.

Eug. I beseech you give us leave to state our Case to you.

Clara. And if you think we have not reason —

Eug. We will do whatever you determine with us.

Clara. But if you will not protect us from the most horrible Cruelty imaginable, some body else must.

Eugen. We'll bear all Torments, rather than the Usage we have met with from a mother.

Lady Mag. Oh Impudence! I'll beat their teeth out.

Mr. Rant. Hold Madam, no such correction, let's discourse this matter in the drawing-room Nieces, a little Coolness and kind Usage shall bring 'em into a good Temper, I'll warrant you.

Lady Mag. Heaven preserve my Senices, I have scarce any left. [Ex. Omnes.]

SCENE

SCENE the Bear and Harrow behind St. Clements Church,
The Bar-boy ringing.

Enter Sir Humphrey, and another.

Sir Hum. I am almost typsy'd but I must have one Half-Flask with my Attorney who is here, as his Clerk says.

Bar-boy rings. Very welcome Gentlemen, here Ralph, George, Humphry, speak here.

Enter two Drawers.

Sir Hum. Is Mr. Split-cause the Attorney here.

Bar-boy. Yes Sir, shew the Half-Moon there. *Ringin' within.*
Speak there, they have rung thrice in the Bear.

Drawers. Anon, anon Sir. Anon, anon Sir.

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, and 3 Footmen of Whachum.

Whac. Anon you Dogs, can't you hear? I'll try if you have Ears, I'll lug ye.

Blust. Come Rogues, cant you feel, if you can't hear. *They lug 'em by the*

Dingb. Dance ye Dogs, we'll make you frisk. *Ears, & beat & kick them.*

Drawers. Murther! murther.

Whac. Ye Rogues, I'll teach you to wait, you Spaniels! you Curs.

Enter Master.

Ma. Gentlemen what's the matter? Why do you abuse and beat my Drawers?

Whac. Nay then, Rogue, lay hold on him Footmen. *[They lay hold on the Master.]*

Ma. Gentlemen what do you mean?

Blust. To swinge you most exceedingly, Rascal.

Ding. To learn you the reverence due to a Gentleman, Sirrah.

Whac. Hold him fast, first let's demolish; *They pluck down the Bar.*

Now as a Correction of greater Dignity to your Person, you shall be toss'd in a Blanket, and not kick'd, and we'll toss fair.

Ma. Hold, hold Gentlemen for Mercies sake, and I will do any thing in the world.

Whac. We'll let him go on his good behaviour.

Ma. This must be Sir W. Rant, and his Company, most certainly. *[aside.]*

Whac. Look you Puppy, we intend to swagger, roar, and drink bloodily, and domineer in the House by our selves.

Ma. I beseech you Gentlemen.

Whac. Damn me, what do you mutter?

Ma. No Sir, not I in the least, do your pleasure Sir: Plague on 'em they'll undo my House. *aside.*

Whac. You harbour a Company of Tradesmen, who should be at home, minding of their Callings, and solacing their Wives.

Blust. Attornies, and Students, and Clarks; I warrant you.

Ding. Grave men and men of business drink, and come to Taverns!

Whac. It must not be, I will reform these Exorbitances, and you shall find us Drunkards do more good than all the Formal, Hypocritical, Nonsensical Magistrates. Fetch us a Flask, and let it be better than our last, as thou tenderst any member about thee, and if thou valuest thy late Deliverance.

Ma. I will Sir.

Whac.

Whac. We will drink some Bumpers, at thy late Bar, and then begin our Frolicks.

Maft. A Devil of your Frolicks, my house had as good be visited by the Plague, as such Customers. *Exit Mafters.*

Whac. Oh that Sir William were here, he'd be in love with us. Come fill round you Rascal, What Glasses are these? fit for Quakers, Brownists, or Fifth-Monarchy men, take one your self, now altogether give fire; now to our work.

[They drink and then Hurra.]

Maft. Well there's no resisting, this same Sir William and his damn'd Company have beaten half the Town. *Exeunt Whac, Blust, Ding, and Footmen.*

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, and Footmen, beating a Company of Tradesmen before 'em, who cry, Fly fly, murder, murder.

Whac. Get you out you Scoundrels, men of Callings, Knaves of business, must you be swilling at a Tavern, and neglect your several and respective cozening Vocations?

Blust. You Rogues must your poor Wives want your Loggerheads at home, and you be here idling and spending their Money.

Ding. Go ye Scot and Lot Knaves that cheat the Parish, and the poor when you come to Offices.

Whac. Do you mutter, avaunt ye what d'ee lacks; And impudent Duns, be gone. Don't I do it rarely? Come to the next Room.

They beat 'em soundly, who cry, Fly, fly, murder, murder.

[Exeunt Whac, Bluster and Dingboy.]

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, &c. beating the Company, Attorneys, Clerks, and a Parson.

Whac. You idle drunken Puppies, we'll swinge you for your Debauchery, and Extravagance.

Attor. What's this? I'll bring my Quare fremuerunt; the Law's my Buckler.

Whac. You Scoundrels stay at home, and make cozening bills for your Clients.

Blust. Practice Court-hand, you lazy drunken Rascals.

Ding. And never be out at a Knavish Trickum de Legi.

Whac. Out ye Rogues, I'll shew you the Law

They beat them out.

Footman. Here's one Rogue still hidden in a Closet. *[Footman bales out Sir Hum.]*

Whac. Mercy upon me, my Uncle. *[Whac. and he start at sight of one another.]*

Sir Hump. Oh lack, Oh lack my Nephew! Students of the Law! quoth he?

Whac. What a Pox, all must out; 'tis too late to go back: Get you home old Fellow, interrupt not our pleasures. Get you gone and comfort my Lady if you can; march, march, I say.

Sir Hump. Prodigious! Amazing!

Whac. March, march, or I will swinge you extremly.

Sir Hump. Murder! murder! Students of the Law!

[They kick him out.]

Ding. This was bravely done, Squire.

Blust. Admirably perform'd.

Whac. Aye wait not? come let's in, Sir William will be here soon.

Exeunt all but the Master and Drawers.

Maft.

Maft. These are rare Customers, they have a huge Supper, but what a Pox all I get by 'em. *Enter Sir William, Tope, Wild. Ralph, & Footmen.*

Sir Will. Hey what has been to do here? The Puppies have been at work already, who's here? what Company have you in your House?

Maft. Company, Sir? but one, who have beat all the rest out of my house, blooded all my Drawers, pull'd down my Bar and swing'd me off, Company for the Devil: *Sir William Rant* and his wicked Crew, I ne're saw 'em before, and the Devil take 'em before I see 'em again.

Sir Will. Have they a good Supper?

Maft. A huge one.

A great laugh within.

Sir Will. We'll sup with 'em, these are the Rogues that laugh.

Maft. Gentlemen, as you love your lives —

Sir Will. Peace Fool, we'll govern your House a little better, come on Friends, let's make 'em a civil visit by the way of Kick and Cudgel.

A great Laugh again.

Maft. So now I shall have Murther in my House:

Exeunt Sir William, Wildfire, Tope, Ralph and Footmen.

Enter Whachum, Bluster, Dingboy and Servants in a Room.

Ding. This beating of Nuncle, was the gallantest action. *They all laugh.*

Whac. Ay what care I.

Blust. He could not have been more amazed, if he had seen a Ghost.

They laugh again:

Whac. Oh *Sir William* and Gentlemen, your most humble Servant, oh if you had come sooner you had seen such Scowring.

Sir Will. You scowre, you are meer novices, we'll teach ye how to scowre.

Whac. Thank you sweet *Sir Will.* we shall be glad to learn, I vow to Gad Sir.

Sir Will. Why look you Gentlemen, you city Puppies, you impertinent conceited Rascals! Go and swagger at *Puddle-dock*, but do you think we will suffer such awkward sneaking Coxcombs, to wench, drink, and scower, to usurp the Sins of Gentlemen.

Tope. We will tweak you by the Noses most excessively, [*They tweak Whac.*

Wild. Kick you most plentifully. *by the Nose and kick and cudgel them.*

Sir Will. And cudgel you most extravagantly.

Whac. I'll take my Oath 'tis mighty well, Ha ha ha.

Sir Will. Come Insects, we will correct your Impudence. Such as you turn Gentlemen, when you are intended for Pleaders of the Law.

Whac. Rarely! Admirably well done! [*Sir Will. and his Company*

Blust. They tweak damnably hard though. *tweak, and lead 'em about*

Ding. They do not consider the Tenderness *by the Noses, they laugh*
of my Bolt-Sprit. *all the while.*

Tope. Get you home Rogues? study the Law, and put cases over a pot of Ale in your Chambers.

Wildf. Must such paltry Fellows as you swagger in Taverns, go and pester Ale-houses.

Whac. Incomparable! by my Sword, they are the finest Gentlemen in Europe.

Blust. Dam me Squire I don't like this.

Ding. Gad they kick with Iron toes.

Sir VWill. What do you take me to be in Jest?

VWhac. Ay ay, why Sir are you not?

VWildf. We'll put you out of doubt of that presently.

Tope. Out you Rascals, must you be taken for us? to our utter Scandal,
Get you out.

Sir VWill. Ye damn'd dullimitating Dogs, have at ye. *They beat 'em out, Blust.*

VWhac. Why Sir VWilliam, Sir VWilliam, hold hold! *& Ding. roar all the time*

Blust. What a Devil do you mean? *and buff: Whac. runs*

Ding. Do not provoke me any further. *as fast as he can, as they*

Sir VWill. Provoke? Damn thee out, beat 'em out. *come at the Door, the Con-*

VWhac. What will become of the Supper? *stable with the VWatch-*

Ralph. Come turn out, hang the Supper. *men & Tradesmen who*

Sir Will. Now Ralph here's Honour to be gotten. *were beaten enter, & beat*

Ralph. Broken Heads. *them back into the house,*

Sir Will. Fall on. *Sir Will. & his Company*

beat all out.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Will. Rant, Tope, Wildf. Ralph, Footmen and Musicians.

VWild. **H**asten the Serenade, the Morning comes on apace, 'tis almost three.
Tope. People will be awake, and then we shall lose the great end
Serenading and Scowering, which is disturbing of Mankind.

Sir VWill. Now guilty VVretches in their frightened sleeps,

Start with the Terrour of their crying sins:

Now the mean, busy, undermining Knave,

The treacherous Statesman who betrays his Prince,

And Country, rolls, and turns himself about,

The Horror of his crimes admits no rest.

Tope. What a Devil is the Fellow mad.

Sir VWill. The tender Virgins in soft Slumbers dream,

With Innocence of all the Toys of Love;

When Nature free, and undisguis'd by Art,

The Genuine Distates of the mind pursues,

And they are pleas'd with imitated Joy.

VWildf. VVhat's the matter man, art thou in a Fit?

Tope. Thou art mad *VWill.* that's most certain. but thou hast laid down a
true Doctrine, that women always dissemble, but when they are asleep: But
what

what a Devil do you mean? if you don't begin your Musick, Gad take me, I will roar most bloodily by my self.

Sir Will. Why don't the Poets always make a man, if he be damnably in Love, in any great Passion, in Haste, or a Dying, to be full of Similes and long Descriptions?

Tope. And because they are Coxcombs, wilt thou be one?

Willd. I have extraordinary business in haste, at Three in the Morning, and I must stop till I make a Poetical Description.

Tope. For example. The thirsty Drunkard dreams of Bottle Ale,
Or sucking a whole Barrel from the Tap;

The Oily Cookmaid stretches now, and yawns,
And calls on *Dick* the Plowman in her Sleep,
Who shores with Fumes from *Suffolk* Cheese and Bacon:
Green-sickness Maids now dream of Clay and Lime.

Now what a Devil's this to my business if they do? either begin your serenade, or I will roar and wake your Mistress with my shrill melodious Pipe.

Willd. A ganders Pipe has much more Musick in't.

Sir Will. Thou sing! she will take it for braying: but come on, *Ralph* is the Constables trap set to secure that passage.

Ralph. Yes it is, they must come this way, 'tis directly from their Guard.

Sir Will. Come then begin.

A window opens. Symphonies. Eugenia and Clara appear.
Hold, the young Ladies window opens, give me the cleft stick, *Ralph.* Now
Tom for our *Billets*, good luck go with them, they are they, I see now.

Opening his dark Lanthorn.
Ladies take these Notes they concern you. Go on, and sing.

Song and Symphony.

Sir Will. Who's at the other window?

Eugenia takes them. Mr. Rant appears at another window.

Willd. My Lady, I warrant you, I must stand close.

Tope. My Lady, then I will roar, play my Rant.

Rant. This must be my Son and his lewd Associates, but if this were the worst I could dispence with it.

Lady Mag. Rogues, Villains, Thieves,
Robbers, Murtherers, hold, hold.

*The Fiddles play, and Tope roars
out his rant then enter Lady Mag.
got in the Balcony.*

Tope. Hold, does the Lady treat from her Castle?

Lady Mag. Villains, Thieves, be gone. *They sing and roar. Mr. Rant retires*

Tope. Nay then.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Who's there? Follow, follow.

Willd. Come on Bell-weather of that Flock of Rascals.

Ralph. Come Cuckolds, come on Cuckolds.

Const. Follow, follow, follow, knock 'em down.

Sir Will. Here is a Stratagem for ye.

Tope. Fall on the Rogues, have at the Dogs.

Sir Will. and the rest fall on them, & cudgel them lustily, they roar out Murd'ers.

*[The Constable and watch
run, & all fall over a
Line set across the street,
& tumble over one another.]*

Enter Mr. Rant holding the door of the House in his Hand.

Mr. Rant. Heaven! what will become of this! We shall have murder here,
Sir VVilliam, Sir VVilliam.

Sir VVill. The door opens and I am call'd, this must be from the Ladies.

WVildf. I must sneak away, Tope you must along with me, you may do me great service and your self too.

Tope. You may be sure i shall be civil to my self, what e're I am to you.

Exeunt Tope, Wildfire and their Servants: But Ralph & two Footmen of Sir W. remain.

Rant. Sir VVilliam.

Sir VVill. Who calls me?

Rant. 'Tis I, follow me.

Sir VVill. If Lucifer should lead me into this House, I would follow him.

Exeunt Mr. Rant and Sir VVilliam.

Const. What are become of these Rogues that have mau'd us?

Ralph. Mr. Constable, the Hecctorly Rogues *A fight of Flambeaux and a noise of Fiddles.*
 that fell upon you, run into the next street,
 and now they have lighted their Flambeaux, and are coming in triumph over you, I and my fellow servants came just now out of my Masters house, the Justice, to assist you: Here's another Stratagem to get off without bloody Pates. *aside.*

Enter Whachum, Bluster and Dingboy, and Servants, and Fiddles, roaring singing, and playing.

Const. Have we met you again Rogues? you shall not escape this bout, knock 'em down.

WVbac. We are civilly serenading.

Const. We'll serenade ye, do you lay snares for us, and beat us when we are down?

WVbac. What a Devil does he mean now?

Const. Knock 'em down.

They fight, the Constable & his Watch beat Whachum

and the rest, till the blood runs about their Faces, and take 'em Prisoners.

Const. Away with them, away with them.

WVbac. Why, Mr. Constable——

Const. Come Rascals, what do you prate? away with them, 'tis Day-light.

WVbac. Damn'd Luck, but 'tis Fortune *de la guerre.*

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Mr. Rant, leading Sir William by the Hand.

Sir VVill. Whether do you lead me?

Mr. Rant. Into full light, if you dare look upon it.

Sir VVill. Oh Heaven, my Father!

Mr. Rant. I wonder not at your surprise, if there be left
 But any Seeds of Ingenuity
 Within thy hardened Breast, thou could'st not bear
 The sight of me.

Sir VVill. It is with great confusion,
 That I behold you now, I hardly dare
 Implore your blessing.

*[He kneels.
 Mr.]*

Mr. Rant. Heaven turn your heart: I am glad at least, you appear so much ashamed;
For Shame for Faults is one good step to Wisdom;
But what hope can I have, that one short Moment
Can make you turn from your long course of Lewdness,
Such Lewdness as I am ashamed to think of:
Such mean, such foolish Lewdness as has made
Your Name too scandalous for a civil Mouth,
When but even now I saw you in your Pranks——

Sir Will. Tis the last time.

Mr. Rant. Till wicked drink possesses you again,
That bane to Vertue and to common Sense,
That makes you live in a continued Mist,
Without the benefit of one clear thought;
Nature has prudently contrived each Man,
In the worst miseries of humane Life
Would be himself, and I would be I still,
But fordid Drunkenness makes you differ more
From your lov'd self, than from another Man.

Sir Will. You rouse me, Sir, out of a Letbargy.

Mr. Rant. Ye think your selves the finest Gentlemen,
When you are most to be despised or pittied,
Not Monkeys can be more ridiculous,
Besides the Infamy you most contract,
In the opinion of the good and wise,
As soon I'd choose a Madman for a Friend,
You vomit secrets, when o'recharg'd with Wine,
You often quarrel with the best of Friends:
And she must be as bold as is a Lionsess,
Who takes you for a Husband: Drink in short
Provokes you to all Folly, to all Vice,
Till you become a Nuisance to Mankind;
You'll say they are men of Wit, but have a care
Of a great Wit, who has no Understanding.

Sir Will. You speak, Sir, like an Oracle.

Mr. Rant. By Drunkenness you are useless at the best,
Unless as Flies or humble Bees, meer Drones,
What Office is there in a Common-wealth,
A Drunkard can sustain? Unless it be one,
To be a Strainer through which Claret runs,
Your Nerves you weaken, and you drown your Minds;
You're all meer Sops in Wine, your Brains are Bogs;
A Toast is equal to a common Drunkard:
You'll say you have Courage, No, it is not Valour;
Valour is joyn'd with Vertue, never prostitute,
But sacred, and employ'd to just Defence.

Of Prince and Country, and the best of Friends,
With necessary vindication of our Honours
Yours is a brutal Fierceness that annoys
Mankind, and makes 'em fear and hate you too.

Sir Will. These are unanswerable Truths.

M. Rant. The use of common Whores is most pernicious,
By which, the least you venture is your Nose,
And private ones you cannot gain, without
Being a most perfidious Knave, and striking
At the very Root of all Morality.
Have I with such Tenderness bred you up?
With such great care and vast Expende, infused
Whatever you were capable of receiving,
Taught you all Arts that could adorn a Gentleman:
None with such care could cultivate a Plant.

Sir Will. All this with humble Gratitude I confess.

Mr. Rant. Heaven had endued you with sufficient Wit
And Parts, and you, in spite of these Advantages,
Which might have made you famous in your Country,
To make your self lewd, even to a Proverb!

Is this your sence of Honour, and is this
Your Gratitude to me, after such great Indulgence,
Such good Advice, such tender Love, as I
Have so long shew'd you? You have so often
Set my Eyes on flowing, that I have wondred
Whence the Moisture came that could supply them.

Sir Will. Good Sir no more, you'll break my Heart,
Gentle and kind Reproof I cannot bear.

Mr. Rant. I gave you such an ample Income,
'Twould have sufficed the most extravagant,
Except your self, and when the Court had offered
Knighthood to me, I made it be bestowed
On you, Not that I think it much of Value,
Unless it be conferr'd for Merit, but a bait
For women. All this in order to a Wife
I did, and you ungrateful. —

Sir Will. No more, Sir, dear and honoured Sir, pray no more,
You've melted me, and wrought a passion in me,
Which hitherto I've never felt, pray trust me,
And I will be what you will have me,
And, such as you shall never blush to own.

Mr. Rant. Oh Will, that this conversion were but perfect;
Yet, as it is, I cannot but embrace
And weep over thee.

S. Will. Oh, best of Fathers, believe me or you kill me.

Mr. Rant. Come then into my Arms. [He embraces and weeps over him.]

Sir

Sir Will. I will soon convince you I am Sincere, for though you have finish'd my Repentance, another had begun it. I had fix'd upon the most charming Creature in the World To be my VVife, and with your assistance, have no Reason to doubt of success; one, Sir, whom you'll Approve.

Mr. Rant. Dear *Will*, who is it?

Sir Will. It is my Cousin *Eugenia*, who to avoid the Tyranny of her Mother, which has been very barbarous, resolves to choose you her Guardian.

Mr. Rant. This, this, compleats my joy, and I shall dote upon thee more than e're I griev'd for thee.

Enter La. Maggot.

La. Mag. Oh, wicked creature, most abandon'd wretch, how dar'st thou be so impudent to come within my House, after the great confusion yesterday, and the uproar thou hast made to Night.

Mr. Rant. Sister, if thou wilt pardon this, I'll pass my honour he shall never do it more, 'twas I now brought him in.

La. Mag. You are a fine easie Father if you can hope for his amendment, but I'll see my Daughters safe; though he has by craft gotten the Key, I have a VVatch upon them.

Mr. Rant. VVhat does she mean?

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. There is a Messenger below will not be answer'd, he has sent up this Letter by me, but he says he must speak with you, it is a business that concerns you nearly.

Lady Mag. Thus early in the Morning, I'll lay my Life, it is to give me notice of some lewd design of my Rebellious Daughters. Hah, from *Mr. Wildfire*: O let me contain my self. *[Aside.]*

Reads. I have commanded my Servant to wait this Morning; till your door be open, to deliver this humble Billet. Where is the Messenger? I must leave you for a while; Brother, pray dispatch your Lewd Son out of the House: but I have set Centinels upon my Daughters.

Mr. Rant. They shall be safe for him, I give you my Honour.

Lady Mag. Oh dear, dear *Wildfire*, thou art a Man of Honour; come, *Lettice*, bring me to the Messenger. *[Ex. La. & Let.]*

Mr. Rant. 'Tis time for you to rest *Will*, and I'll repose a while.

Sir Will. Sir, let me beg of you not to sleep yet, my Lady has a wicked design of sending her Daughters into the Country this morning, to keep them Prisoners as she did before; I have, indeed, provided for a Rescue, but if you please, I had rather have it done a fairer way.

Ms. Rant. Well, Son, we will consult about it in my Chamber. *[Ex. Mr. Rant. and Sir William.]*

SCENE *Wildfire's House.*

Enter Wildfire and Tope.

Tope. A Pox on't, this has been a damn'd sober Night, I shall be sick after it; this is your Loye, with a Murrain: A Drunkard, and in Love! You will be

be as bad company as a Green-sickness'd Chamber-maid ; nay, worse, for she, perhaps, may be perswaded to take her Cure, Love ; ha, ha, ha.

Wild. I am convinc'd, a man will certainly have it ere he dyes, as the small Pox ; look to it, *Jack*, yet.

Tope. Heav'n lend me the great ones rather, without the help of *Sarsa, Guyacum* or *Mercury* ; but prithee, what service can I do thee, *Tom* ?

Wild. The truth is, *Jack*, I have lent a Billet to the Lady you would have Ravish'd yesterday and cry'd ; she will come, I believe, very suddenly, hither. *Will Rant* and I, have some designs upon her Daughters, which we cannot effect without her absence. When she comes, I will make way for thee.

Tope. Prithee, *Tom*, let me have a young Wench, I am fit for her now.

Wild. If thou hast not love for her, I am sure thou hast malice enough for her ; satisfy which passion thou wilt, so thou keepest her from interrupting us.

Tope. Ha, this is no ill design, hah ; I'll serve you in this, if she thinks me not too old to please her ; I am sure I am young enough to scandalize her. Most of the young fellows now make love more for Vanity than Lust ; they have more of the first, and less of the last, than any Generation since the Conquest.

Wild. The decrepid young fools, were gotten when slavery was breaking in ; and indeed, by their education, were fitted for it ; they have no vigour in 'em, [Knocking at the door.] Hark ! She's come ; she's a Lady of very just dealing, and answers a Bill of Love at sight. *Jack*, do thou retire, I'll come to thee instantly.

Tope. I will ; but d'ee hear, *Tom*, fair play.

Wild. Upon my Honour.

[Exit *Tope*.

Enter *La Maggot*.

Dear, sweet Madam, I am transported beyond my senses.

Lady Mag. If I had not believed you to be a Man of shining honour, I would not have ventur'd for the World.

Wildf. Sweet Madam, your Ladyship is come so much earlier than I could have suspected, that I must go and take order, that no body comes into my House, and confine my Servants to their several Posts.

La Mag. Sweet Sir, you deserve to be trusted by a Lady. Oh, thou dear creature, my heart and eyes yet never felt such charms. [Ex. *Wildfire* hastily and locks the Lady in ; she walks up and down.

Hark ! I hear him coming, I'll catch him at the door. My dear, dear *Strephon*.

Enter *Tope*, *La Mag.* hastily embraces him, taking for *Wildfire*.

Tope. My dear, dear *Phillis*.

Lady Mag. Ah, who's here, Old Satan.

Tope. I thought you had been past the Age of squeaking.

Lady Mag. Devil, how camest thou here ?

Tope. Sweet Lady, how camest thou here ?

Lady Mag. Abused, betrayed, undone, by Heav'n ; they shall not live who have done this.

Tope. Oh, Madam, Ladies should not kill but with their Eyes.

Lady Mag. This *Wildfire* promised me assistance, to send my vile rebellious Daughters into the Country, and sent for me, telling me all was ready.

Tope. He was not you see, but you shall find me so.

Lady Mag. Oh *Belzebub* incarnate, I am confident he is a man of Honour, thou hast betray'd him ; see in what Confusion I am in. [aside. *Tope*.

Tope. He is a man of Honour, and knowing the great Passion I have for your Ladyship contrived this Opportunity.

Lady Mag. What pimp for thee? and a man of Honour!

Tope. Pimp is a foul word, Pimps are Rogues; but men of Honour assist one another in these necessary matters, and take it for a point of Honour.

Lady Mag. Where's the Key then, let me out thou old decrepit Toft,

Tope. Hold there, I have some urgent business with you here.

Lady Mag. Had I a Dagger or a Bodkin I would dispatch my self and him.

Tope. And for old, if I don't convince you, have at you.

Lady Mag. Ah ah, murder, help, help. *He runs at her, & kisses her.*

Tope. She squeaks like one of Sixteen, if she could but look so too, I should be more sharp set; Come sweet Madam, let us be more familiar.

He puts down his Sword.

Lady Mag. Stand off thou driveling Drunkard, or I'll scratch thy eyes out.

Tope. I can make love like a man, but not like a Cat, I can't caterwaul.

Tope catches hold on her Hand.

Lady Mag. Oh vile, perfidious Villain! *Wildfire.*

Tope. Look you sweet Lady, I can secure my Eyes against your Hands, ah could I have as well defended my poor Heart, against your Eyes, you had not visited this place.

Lady Mag. Villain let go my Hands.

Tope. Madam let go my Heart, in short Madam, I am in Love, here's an Opportunity, and I will not be baffled, we must come to a close fight.

Lady Mag. Avoid thou worst of Devils.

Tope. If Ladies will be civil, *Jack Tope* can be so too, but if not, though he uses not his Hands, yet he can use his Tongue and publish Fraillies on so; consider, be not perverse, come, come, nay don't put me to wrestle, if you put me to two Exercises, I may fail you at one. *[They struggle, she gets loose, and runs]*

Lady Mag. Oh impudent old Devil! *to the Sword & draws it, & runs at him.*

Tope. Hold hold, Sword and Eyes are too much, for my single Weapon. Fare you well. *He runs out, and locks her in.*

Lady Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth he has lockt me in! Oh damn'd Villain, Villain! *Wildfire*, let me see if I can make any body hear out of the Window, I shall run mad, Confusion seize these Rascals. *Exit towards the Window.*

SCENE Sir Humphry Maggots House.

Enter Eugenia, Clara, Mr. Rant, and Sir VWilliam.

Eug. Why Sir, do you make this so nice a point of Honour? when you may save us two from Ruin.

Clara. Sir on my Knees I beg your Protection. *Mr. Rant takes them up.*

Eug. And I on mine, or by all that's good, will fling my self on any one, that will defend me from my Tyrant Mother.

Clara. I cannot, will not, bear her Cruelty.

Sir Will. Can so much Beauty be deny'd Sir? *Enter Wildfire hastily.*

Wildf. Ladies your humble Servant. *He bows to them.*

be as bad company as a Green-sickness'd Chamber-maid ; nay, worse, for she, perhaps, may be perswaded to take her Cure, Love ; ha, ha, ha.

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Wild. If thou hast not love for her, I am sure thou hast malice enough for her ; satisfy which passion thou wilt, so thou keepest her from interrupting us.

Tope. Ha, this is no ill design, hah ; I'll serve you in this, if she thinks me not too old to please her ; I am sure I am young enough to scandalize her. Most of the young fellows now make love more for Vanity than Lust ; they have more of the first, and less of the last, than any Generation since the Conquest.

Wild. The decrepid young fools, were gotten when slavery was breaking in ; and indeed, by their education, were fitted for it ; they have no vigour in 'em, [*Knocking at the door.*] Hark ! She's come ; she's a Lady of very just dealing, and answers a Bill of Love at sight. *Jack*, do thou retire, I'll come to thee instantly.

Tope. I will ; but d'ee hear, *Tom*, fair play.

Wild. Upon my Honour.

[*Exit Tope.*

Enter La Maggot.

Dear, sweet Madam, I am transported beyond my senses.

Lady Mag. If I had not believed you to be a Man of shining honour, I would not have ventur'd for the World.

Wildf. Sweet Madam, your Ladyship is come so much earlier than I could have suspected, that I must go and take order, that no body comes into my House, and confine my Servants to their several Posts.

La. Mag. Sweet Sir, you deserve to be trusted by a Lady. Oh, thou dear creature, my heart and eyes yet never felt such charms. [*Ex. Wildfire hastily and locks the Lady in ; she walks up and down.*

Hark ! I hear him coming, I'll catch him at the door. My dear, dear *Sirephon*.

Enter Tope, La. Mag. hastily embraces him, taking for Wildfire.

Tope. My dear, dear *Phillis*.

Lady Mag. Ah, who's here, Old Satan.

Tope. I thought you had been past the Age of squeaking.

Lady Mag. Devil, how camest thou here ?

Tope. Sweet Lady, how camest thou here ?

Lady Mag. Abused, betrayed, undone, by Heav'n ; they shall not live who have done this.

Tope. Oh, Madam, Ladies should not kill but with their Eyes.

Lady Mag. This *Wildfire* promised me assistance, to send my vile rebellious Daughters into the Country, and sent for me, telling me all was ready.

Tope. He was not you see, but you shall find me so.

Lady Mag. Oh *Belzebub* incarnate, I am confident he is a man of Honour, thou hast betray'd him ; see in what Confusion I am in. [*aside.* *Tope.*

Tope. He is a man of Honour, and knowing the great Passion I have for your Ladyship contrived this Opportunity.

Lady Mag. What pimp for thee? and a man of Honour!

Tope. Pimp is a foul word, Pimps are Rogues; but men of Honour assist one another in these necessary matters, and take it for a point of Honour.

Lady Mag. Where's the Key then, let me out thou old decrepit Toft.

Tope. Hold there, I have some urgent business with you here.

Lady Mag. Had I a Dagger or a Bodkin I would dispatch my self and him.

Tope. And for old, if I don't convince you, have at you.

Lady Mag. Ah ah, murther, help, help. *He runs at her, & kisses her.*

Tope. She squeaks like one of Sixtreen, if she could but look so too, I should be more sharp set; Come sweet Madam, let us be more familiar.

He puts down his Sword.

Lady Mag. Stand off thou driveling Drunkard, or I'll scratch thy eyes out.

Tope. I can make love like a man, but not like a Cat, I can't caterwaul.

Tope catches hold on her Hand.

Lady Mag. Oh vile, perfidious Villain! *Wildfire.*

Tope. Look you sweet Lady, I can secure my Eyes against your Hands, ah could I have as well defended my poor Heart, against your Eyes, you had not visited this place.

Lady Mag. Villain let go my Hands.

Tope. Madam let go my Heart, in short Madam, I am in Love, here's an Opportunity, and I will not be baffled, we must come to a close fight.

Lady Mag. Avoid thou worst of Devils.

Tope. If Ladies will be civil, *Jack Tope* can be so too, but if not, though he uses not his Hands, yet he can use his Tongue and publish Frailties on so; consider, be not perverse, come, come, nay don't put me to wrestle, if you put me to two Exercises, I may fail you at one. *[They struggle, she gets loose, and runs]*

Lady Mag. Oh impudent old Devil! *to the Sword & draws it, & runs at him.*

Tope. Hold hold, Sword and Eyes are too much, for my single Weapon. Fare you well. *He runs out, and locks her in.*

Lady Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth he has lockt me in! Oh damn'd Villain, Villain! *Wildfire*, let me see if I can make any body hear out of the Window, I shall run mad, Confusion seize these Rascals. *Exit towards the Window.*

SCENE Sir Humphry Maggots House.

Enter Eugenia, Clara, Mr. Rant, and Sir VWilliam.

Eug. Why Sir, do you make this so nice a point of Honour? when you may save us two from Ruin.

Clara. Sir on my Knees I beg your Protection. *Mr. Rant takes them up.*

Eug. And I on mine, or by all that's good, will sling my self on any one, that will defend me from my Tyrant Mother.

Clara. I cannot, will not, bear her Cruelty.

Sir Will. Can so much Beauty be deny'd Sir?

Wildf. Ladies your humble Servant. *Enter Wildfire hastily.*

Wildf. Ladies your humble Servant. *Mr.*

Mr. Rant. Who is this, Son?

Sir Will. *Mr. Wildfire*, you knew his Father, a man of Quality and of great Estate, who is a convert to that Lady, as I am made to this.

Mr. Rant. I knew him well, he was a sober honest Gentleman. [*Enter Tope*]

Tope. Sober and honest! Gad take me that's impossible.

Mr. Rant. My old Acquaintance! *Mr. Tope* your Servant.

Tope. *Mr. Rant*, a Miracle! who thought to have seen you here?

Mr. Rant. You will have your Jest still.

Tope. No faith I am in earnest, I have known an honest man that could not, but I never knew one honest that would not drink, Knaves durst not trust themselves with drink, it draws the Scene, and discovers them.

Wildf. How the Devil came you here?

Tope. You left me with the Devil, she whipt out my Sword, and if I had not run away, had run me through, but I left her safe, here's the Key.

Eug. Good sweet Uncle, consider our sad case, and give an Answer.

Wildf. Ladies now is the time, your Mother's absent, and is safe for some time, if you will take this opportunity, there's a Coach and Six, and half a score men well armed and mounted, *Sir Williams* and my Servants, that will conduct you where you please.

Clara. We are obliged to you Sir, but I fear the Reputation of such an Escape would be worse than our Confinement.

Sir Will. Sir I beseech you, consider and accept of their Guardianship.

Eug. Now Sir or never, make us happy in your care of us, for let my Sister be as scrupulous as she will, I will lay hold on these Gentlemen's favour, and fly any where; so it be from my Mother; but Gentlemen we must not have you with us.

Mr. Rant. Well my fair Nieces I'll protect ye, on my honor be it.

Clara. We sling our selves wholly on you Sir,

Eug. We trust your Honour, and will in every thing obey you.

Mr. Rant. I never will command, but what you please.

Wildf. Now Madam you are happy, will you not pity my case, who still am miserable.

Clara. Would you wish me to love any man till I am assured he loves himself, you now are your own greatest Enemy.

Wildf. Since I hope you will now be more easy of access, I shall with the greatest Duty and Respect I can, make approaches regularly, and show you I am become another man.

Clara. Ere I shall have the Impudence to beg one Favour of you, I shall be glad to hear of your amendment Sir.

Tope. Why *Tom, Tom*, this is a vile repenting strein, as if thou wert showing thy parts at the Gallows, why dost thou not lay this Lewdness upon Sabbath breaking.

Wildf. And ill Company *Jack*, Old Seducers and Corrupters.

Sir Will. Will you be still hard hearted, this is a day of Jubilee, and you should do some generous Act of Mercy.

Eug. No, there is a great deal to be said, and a great deal to be done, I must see a Sample of your New Life.

Sir Will.

Sir Will. My Life is in your Hand, dispose of it, and direct it as you please.

Tope. You call this Love now, all Cant, Cant, and sillier than Gypsies Cant: what a Pox you are none of you in Earnest. [Enter Sir Humphry, & his Clerk.

Sir Hump. Oh Brother good morrow, how do you, I was tyfied last night, but they tell me you were disturb'd with Roysters, and scowring Rogues, I protest and vow I never heard them, but the Constable has brought them before me, here in the House, I'll order them. Hah Gentleman he does not mean you, are you brought by the Constable? Oh here he is.

Enter Constable, Guard, with Whachum, Bluster, Dingboy, with black Patebes upon their Wounds.

Const. Here are the Scowrsers that beat us, and wounded us, there are two of my Watch almost kill'd, and several lam'd, they broke Windows, roar'd and disturb'd your Worship too, all Night.

Sir Hump. Oh Heaven, my Nephew! Oh Villain, profligate Villain, my Nephew! But you shall find Justice is blind, do you remember Rogues, what you did, beat me, and lam'd me.

Whac. What a Pox care I, why did you come in the way of our Scowring? Prithee old Nuncle content your self, I am out of your Hands, and I will fling off the remainder of your City breeding, and swagger, roar and scowre, like a Gentleman of the Suburbs.

Sir Hump. Here Clerk, make their Mittimus, and I'll send 'em to Newgate.

Tope. I think Sir, you are one of those Gentlemen, that we beat and kick'd very much, last Night.

Whac. Send me to Newgate? Let me speak in your Ear, how much Treason did you talk before me and my Friends?

Blust. What Healths and Confusions did you drink?

Ding. What secret Correspondence, and who invited the French Fleet last summer?

Whac. By these ten bones, all shall out if you presume.

Sir Hump. I shall be hang'd. What says the Rogue? Go out Constable and Watch into the next Room, leave your Prisoner. *Enter La. Mag. in a Fury.*

Lady Mag. Oh Heaven and Earth are they here! betray'd, abused, most villanously abused! Oh thou old Devil in Grain, and thou worst of all, thou base dishonourable Rascal.

She flies at their Faces.

Sir Hump. VVhy Chicken, Chicken.

Lady Mag. Make their Mittimus, I'll give you sufficient Reason, sit in your Seat of Justice, and give me my Oath.

Sir Hump. I will Chicken, I will.

Mr. Rant. VVhat can this mean?

Wildf. Madam let me advise you, you will suffer in your Honour. This Ring will be testimony.

La. Mag. I'll swear you stole it from me, and you shall be hang'd for it.

Wild. Tope and my man are better evidence, Madam.

La. Mag. Thou most detestable malicious road.

Tope. Stir not this matter farther, if you do I'll tell all I know, and more.

Lady Mag. VVhat has my rashness brought me to, I will run into a mad-house, and never see the world again. *Going off.*

Sir Hump. VVhy Chicken, I am ready, lay thy pretty hand on the book.

Whac. Hold Madam, pray make good your bargain with me, did not I agree to give you 5000*l.* for one of your Daughters.

Lady Mag. Out you impudent Rascal ; does all the world conspire against me !

Whac. VVhat a Pox, what a Devil are you mad ? Ounds *She takes the Cane out of her Husbands hands and beats VVhachum.*
I'll turn again.

Mr. Rant. Sister, sister, I beseech you contain your self.

Lady Mag. I cannot contain, will not contain, Flesh and Blood cannot contain, never Lady was so betray'd, abused, and disappointed ; Hell take you all.
Enter Priscilla. Exit Lady Maggot.

Prisc. Oh Ladies have pity on me, I believe some Rogue that had a mind to marry me, gave me Deutery last Night, and I was disguis'd and lost the Key too, and my Lady has discharged me, to beg in my old Age.

Eugen. Fear not, we'll provide for you.

Sir Will. VVill you not provide for me, Madam, or at least give me some hopes.

Wildf. And can you, Madam, can you have the heart to use your Conquest to destroy me ?

Clara. I know of no conquest of mine, nor will I believe it till I see you have conquer'd your self.

Sir Will. What time will it require to satisfy you of my conversion ?

Eugen. Why you must be at least a years Probationer before you enter into the vow of Chastity, if I believe you then.

Sir Will. T will be a thousand without you, Madam, I hope you will relent.

Clara. It must be a Year at least, and then, for ought I know, you may serve longer.

Wildf. You are absolute, and must govern me, I'll strive by all the Services I can to mollify your Heart.

Eugen. The Poms and all the Vanities of this wicked Town you must renounce.

Clara. Wine, Women, and base Company.

Sir Will. Upon my Knees I vow to it.

Wild. And I for ever to observe it.

Mr. Rant. I will be Umpire in this Business, and I doubt not but to bring my Nieces to Reason.

Sir Hump. What are you disposing of my Ladies Daughters without her Consent.

Mr. Rant. No Sir, nothing shall be done without her Consent, I will convince her, of what e're I do shall be to her Honour, and her Daughters Advantage.

Whac. Where's my Wife in the mean time ? I forbid the Banes.

Sir Will. Sirrah, Coxcomb, if you speak one word I'll slit your VVindpipe.

Whac. Very well, very well, no more to be said : Pox on him, I begin to hate him now, I don't think him a fine Gentleman.

Tope. VVhy what a Devil are you mad? I thought you had been Drolling, or Fooling all this while, are you in earnest?

Sir Will. Most certainly.

Wildf. And I, *Jack*, we must part.

Tope. Ha, ha, ha, fine Fools, turn sober Sots, give over all Vanities, as you call 'em, for the greatest Vanity on the Earth, Matrimony! you may leave any other Vanities when you please, but that will stick to you with a Vengeance. Matrimony ha, ha ha, there's nothing in the world worth being in earnest, I am sure not being sober, 'tis all a Farce.

Mr. Rant. I hope for, old Acquaintance, you will embrace this motion, reform, and live a sober Country Life, then we shall be Neighbours.

Tope. Reform, quoth he, 'tis a pretty age, at Five and Fifty to begin to lead a new Life: No, no, I have gone too far to retreat, I must charge through, I'll drink like a Fish, these Fifty Years, these Fellows will be at Asses Milk, within six Months, and dye o'th' Pip soon after.

Whack. This old Gentlemans a gallant man, Godsookes, I'll whore, drink, swagger and scowre while I live.

Bluff. Ah brave Squire.

Ding. Oh noble Squire.

They embrace VVhachum.

Tope. Farewel you Apostates, sneaking sober Sots, go marry, marry, you are fit for no other purpose.

Exit Tope.

Sir Hump. So Brother, I have lost a Nephew, you have found a Son.

Mr. Rant. Old Habits are with Difficulty broken,
And Fools are ever found most obstinate;
But the least Seeds of VVit with Understanding.
VVill in some time spring up, and grow and thrive,
And bear down the rank VVeeds of Vice and Folly.

Wild. Ladies your Charms a miracle have wrought,
And early us home to our selves have brought;
No pow'r but Love could thus call back a stray,
From all the crooked Paths, to the right way.

Sir Will. But where VVit, Beauty, Vertue keep the Field,
As Prisoners at discretion, all must yield,
Those Forces joyn'd, subdue all Vanities;
The most compendious way of being wise,
Is to be Convert to a Ladies Eyes.

}

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

NOW Lady Mothers, you who frown to Day,
 Will be thought like the Lady of this Play;
 You'll not condemn your selves, but like bad Faces,
 Loath the Reflections, and abhor true Glasses:
 But know all, by these Presents; there's no way
 But Gentleness, to make ripe Girls obey:
 Us'd ill, if they have Beauty, Wit, or Sense;
 They will rebel in their own just Defence.
 You in your selves, from Grandam Eve shou'd find,
 The true Perverseness of a Womans Mind,
 Towhat & most forbidden, most inclin'd;
 What sharply to your Daughters you deny,
 You fire their Curiosities to try:
 They think when strictly kept from all Mankind,
 There's much more in't than afterwards they find.
 Your selves, go Planting to all publick Places,
 Exposing all you can, your Feeble Graces,
 Darting weak Rays from your Autumnal Faces.
 Heav'n knows true Languishing of Eyes you show,
 When e're you mince, and simper at a Beaux;
 High Dresses, and rich Petticoats will tell us,
 That all your Ornaments you wear at Fellows;
 Like Woodcocks, or like Leagues pursu'd, you hide
 Your Heads, and think your Body's unespied;
 Your Daughters find you out, and will obey,
 What e're they see you do; not hear you say.
 The Gawdy Mother hates the Daughters sight,
 Whose dazzling Beams Eclipse her glimmering Light;
 She must the Visitants but seldom see,
 And when admitted to the Company,
 With down cast Looks she enters, and affraid,
 She sneaks like an offending Chamber-maid:
 With toss'd up Head, she must be snub'd and chidden,
 And Mothers dear Delights to her forbidden;
 This begets Scorn, how can one stand in awe,
 Of a vain Tawdry, Amorous Mamma.
 Of these the Poet must despair to Day,
 They will be mortal Foes to him and's Play.
 While these frail Dames the Author does expose,
 The Lustre of the Good, that clearly shews,
 From them a Plaudit must not be deny'd,
 The VVitty, Fair ones, must be on our side,
 So much their Power by him is magnify'd.
 VVe show you how your vigorous Beams exert,
 Turning vicious men to Conquer and Convert:
 Firm to our selves we always have a way,
 To make the fiercest Beast, VVild man, obey.



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F I N I S.

